

Return to
Canfield Cores

HARLOW PEASE
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
BUTTE, MONTANA

February 4, 1926.

Dear Mr. Canfield:

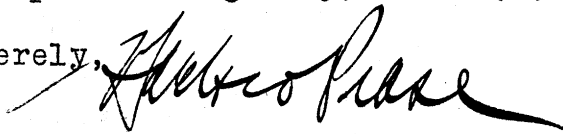
I have put in another shift looking for whatever archives of mine contain the Arkansas protest of Cassius Johnson, and still no luck; but I have not abandoned the quest; meanwhile I owe a reply to your letter of the 31st.

Regarding my suggestion concerning an additional field of 'Americana', I cannot now recall whether I limited this to legal curios or something further. I will be most glad to have you refresh my mind on this, and to furnish what I can for the symposium.---It was the Montana supreme court which rendered that judgment of Solomon I mentioned in my last. The pure and mealy-mouthed opinion of the court is found in State v. Griffith, 184 Pacific 219. The next time you are in a law library, read both that and State v. McGlynn, one of my cases, 199 Pac. 708.

Your mentioned interest in the Red farmers of Sheridan county is provocative. To whet your interest, I will not go further than to state that, save for a holdover county commissioner, every elective official including a district judge went in on the Farmer-Labor ticket. The sheriff, one member of the legislature and one county commissioner were active members formerly of the I.W.W.---The 'Nation' is a bit weak on its western news service, I think---depends mostly on volunteer stuff; about all Mr. Villard knows about Montana is some warmed-over misinformation about two fakirs named Walsh and Wheeler, who now constitute the left wing of the Anaconda company.

I see you have me pegged as a lonesome accident in an industrial despotism. You have the environment right, but not so much the lonesomeness. Belligerent resistance is always smoldering here, and the company never knows when another bunch of trouble may break out either in Butte or among the farmers. The local atmosphere (except in times of extraordinary remedies, like the 1920 Massacre of Anaconda Road) is one of cynicism on both sides, with mutual civility and considerable respect. E.g., although I have represented the I.W.W. both here and in Idaho since five or six years past, and still do, I am on ordinary terms with the A.C.M. legal staff. We are free, at least, from the domination of the Babbitry, for whom there is a healthy scorn in most circles. There are some odd contradictions: Many bootleggers are radicals. The A.C.M. controls both Knights of Columbus and Masons, but never contributes to the Y.M.C.A. The largest denominational group in the "Y" is Catholic. And so on.---Of course, this is Butte. Rural Montana, in particular the hick towns, tends to Ku Klux, but almost anywhere you may meet a retired rebel or modern philosopher. We get by, and enjoy the show.

Sincerely,





GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
PARLOR CAR SERVICE

EN ROUTE

1/26/36
Butte - Plentywood

Dear Mr. Campfield -

This is my
first opportunity to answer
yours of the 19th.

Under separate cover I
sent as much of Christopher
Columbo as I could recall.
It remains to dig up the rest
of the work plus the air. I
note that Calvert Clatts, of
Laurel, Md., in *Lucy* 128
of the Feb. 'Mercury', prices
after Columbo. I feel rather
confident that someone at
Madison, Wis., will have the

whole song.

I have made one search
for the shortest ver. of
"Cassius Johnson" without
finding it. As soon as I
get an evening loose I
will dig some more. I
inclose the opening paragraph
as it sticks in my memory,
plus two glorious antitheses
which are unforgettable. The
rest is entirely gone from
my memory.

The Miss Mrs. Sheason your
mention is known to me
through common acquaintances
but not personally - she is
now in New York.

I am hooked just now for a county
(Sheridan) some 5-600 miles from here,
about which I intend to write a story some
day. The court-house is full of members
of the Communist Party on the public payroll,
elected by farmers. I have to assist them
in clearing the National Prohibition Administrator
under arrest for criminal life, so will
be concerned with other matters than the
preservation of our racial literature for
the next week.

Sincerely

Arthur Hare

P.S. - I suppose your book will
contain nothing but imaginative
literature, but I must give you one
sheep which really happened. It de-
serves to go into the 'Americana' but



GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
PARLOR CAR SERVICE

EN ROUTE

for its phraseology.

A wobbly job delegate
was engaged in an ar-
gument in the Blue Front
Saloon in Red Lodge, Mont.,
in the summer of 1918.

The 101 I.W.W. were then
on trial at Chicago, and
referring to the trial this
fellow said (or rather, was
later convicted of saying)

"He will give the Government
a good fucking." He was

duly charged with sedition
under the Montana state
law enacted that year, and
convicted of "using language
calculated to bring the
government of the U.S.
into contempt" etc. The
supreme court later
reversed the conviction
on the ground that
copulation cannot be
committed with a
government.

COMING HOME FROM THE WAKE

If you go the wake, I'll tell you to beware,
If you go to the wake, young Roger will be there,
And he'll take you in his arms to shield you from all harms,
In the morning you'll be sorry coming from the wake.

The wake being over, and morning coming on,
Roger took Nellie through the fields of corn,
Said Roger to Nellie, let's sit down and have a chat,
And I'll show you the game that they call, Shoot the Cat.

They sat down on a rock as you may suppose,
And pretty soon Roger began to pull up Nellie's clothes;
Said Nellie to Roger, Now what are you at?
Said Roger to Nellie, Why ~~am~~ I'm going to shoot your cat.

Six months passed by, and three more a-coming on,
Nellie brought forth a charming son,
We will name it, we will name it, we will name it fro his sake,
We will name it Shoot-the-Kitten-Coming-Home-from-the-Wake.

And when this young bastard had grown to be a man,
He went down town with his cock in his hand,
And every lady he met he'd give it a little shake,
And then he'd shoot their kitten coming home from the wake.

CHORUS OF THE SAILOR LAD

Oh, it won't be in the kitchen,
It won't be in the hall,
But it will be in the back yard up against the wall,
It won't be by the tinker, it won't be by the clown,
But it will be by the sailor lad who sails the world around.

And now my pretty maiden, take a little advice from me,
And never trust a sailor lad one inch above your knee,
For he will run your dresses up and run your colors down,
And then you'll have something underneath your apron.

FRAGMENT OF A.E.F. SONG

Capitan pay ~~cinq~~ cinquante francs, cinquante francs, cinquante francs,
Capitan pay cinquante francs,
Couchez avec moi.

Corporal pay cinq francs, cinq francs, cinq francs,
Corporal pay cinq francs,
Couchez avec moi.

With intermediate ranks and currencies.

IRISH FAVORITE DITTY

For Ireland was Ireland when England was a pup,
And Ireland will be Ireland when England's gobbled up,
So get down upon your bloody knees upon the bloomin' grass,
And stick your dirty English face right up my Irish ass.

Sincerely yours,

Orville A. Welsh
Orville A. Welsh

Ph.D.

New Haven, Conn.
January 16, 1926

My dear Mr. Steynor,

The squib in "The New Yorker" relating to the book you are working on excited my interest - and that of one of two of my friends. Like most other fellows, I know scraps and bits of all of the verses listed - and I have a healthy hunger for the others. In fact, I wish you would put me on your subscribers list, if you have one at this early date.

If you care for it, I can give you most of the verses to "Lil".

"Lil taught school when she first went west -
"But she gave 'at up cuz she liked screwin' best"

Yours faithfully,
"Pornographic Americans"

W. B. Sanders Jr.

356 Elm St
New Haven
Conn.

P. S. Upon rereading the strip, I seem to catch an underlying invitation to people to send in material, so I shall write what I know of Lil - and a Yale blurb (a song) on the other side.

121
"Now Lil taught school when she first went west;
But she gizz at up cuz she liked fuckin' best.
~~It~~ Was a standin bet for miles aroun'
There wa'nt no man could hold Lil down,
'Till over the hill from Mount Cayoot
Come half-breed Bill, the hulkin' brute;
And as he ambled across the square,
And banged his tool upon the bar,
They all knew Lil had met her fate —
There wa'nt no backin out that late.

* → Lil started as the gentle breeze
That wafts the skirts 'round women's knees —
— then she bumped, and thumped — and double-kumped
And did things unknown to common cunts —
But Bill was there at every trick
'Jes kep' on lettin' out more pricks.
The grass was burnt for miles around
Where Lil' ass had touched the ground.
Where Lil' ass had touched the ground.
(forget. — — —)

Only once did Lil miss a pat
And then the half-breed nailed her flat.
They left her skirt and took her drawers
And nailed 'em to the bar-room door
In memory of that plucky whore, Lil.

She had her boots on when she fell —
So — what the hell, boys, what the hell!

* They decided to hold this mill
Behind the Shid. house on the hill
Where all who came might get a seat
To see the redskin bury his meat.

(The author is unknown to me.)

Mr William Duncan

St Louis Jan 16 - 1926

Dear Sir:-

Saw your request in American Mercury and wish to know if you intend publishing those curious ballads. If so put me down as a willing subscriber.

I have been trying to fill out the Frankie and Johnnie song for years and have heard a dozen variations.

I'll send along a couple of verses as I think they rightly belong.

Yours truly
Joseph E Robinson

3533 Lindell Blvd
St Louis - Mo.

Frankie and Johnny were lovers
And Oh my God how they loved
Johnny he swore to Frankie
He'd be true as the stars above
But he threw her down
In old Frisco town

Frankie went down to that hook shop
Pulled on the hook-shop bell
Says stand aside all you hookers and pimps
Or I'll blow you all to Hell
I want the man
Who threw me down.

The bartender says now Frankie
I aint agoin' to tell you no lie
Johnny left here bout an hour ago
With a hooker called Alice Fry

God damn her soul
She stole my man.

Then Frankie gets a gun and the final scene is
dashed off.

Johnny he mounted that staircase
Crying Oh Frankie dont shoot
Three times she pulled on that forty four gun
A rooty toot toot toot toot
She nailed the man
What threw her down.

Does this fit into your version of the song?
I would surely like to have the ballad complete.

Crawfordsville, Ind.

March 4th, 1926.

Dear Mr. Canfield---

Perhaps I raised your hopes too high as to my knowledge of the origin of The Bastard King---I didn't know the author personally, or have any documentary evidence that he was the author, but his story sounds a good deal more logical than the one to the effect that Kipling wrote it and was black-balled for the job of poet laureate for that reason---or, for that matter, than any one of the other theories as to it's parentage.

A college friend of mine who used to life-guard on one of the New Jersey beaches by way of summer vacations became acquainted with a semi-literary gentleman in the course of his duties three years ago. The literary gentleman was at the time continuing the good work of who ever started the Frank Merriwell or Tom Swift or possibly Elsie Dinsmore series---it wasn't The Rover Boys, at least. He had been in a Middle Western Officer's Training Camp during the early part of the war and had been called upon to give some sort of entertainment at a farewell for a departing batch of Second ~~Lieutenants~~ Lieutenants. According to his story he filled up on good training-camp mule and produced The Bastard King after a couple of hours of agony. The Shavetails departed to other camps and carried copies with them.

Anyway it's a good story. The thing must have been originated recently and circulated by comparatively intelligent people as all the versions I've heard---from widely separated origins---have been almost identical. My friend is alive and remotely connected with the City News Bureau in New York---I shall write to him soon and get the name of the party who made the claim and he can be cornered and a confession wrung from him. If he's really responsible he should be doing something more than

As several of the things you want are to be found in the enclosed pamphlet I'm sending it instead of copying them--- there may be something else in it that will interest you more than those I recommended.

Blind Bone, the pamphlet's publisher, played the violin and his partner, Worth Youngblood played the guitar; both of them sang after a fashion. They used to make county fairs, picnics etc. thru this part of the country and played most of the ballads popular in the district. Bone added to his income by selling these booklets ---he seems to have had little regard for copyrights as several of the selections are still protected.

Neither of them could write and the obvious errors in meter and the misused words are probably due to misunderstandings when they learned the songs and when they dictated them for publication.

Pearl Bryan and Lazy Man are probably products of this district. Pearl Bryn was a native of Greencastle, Indiana, and there is at least one other commemorative poem to her.

Roving Gambler, The Widow's Daughter, and Jackie Frazer are of English origin and Lady Gay is reminiscent of the Twelfth Century Scotch ballad. I have marked the songs which I am sure have been published and I believe most of the others are authentic. Many of them are of foreign origin but localized by the singers.

I suppose you have most of the old bar-room favorites but if any of this list appeals to you I can send them---

Lydia Pinkham
When I Was A Youngster In Texas
The Bastard King of England
Christopher Colombo
Down in the Lehigh Valley
Our Liz

---however I imagine that even the express company would object if you published any of them.

furthering the atrocities of literature I mentioned. How sober he was when he told my friend the story I can't say but a man who could produce The Bastard King should be able to hold his licker indefinitely.

I'm enjoying your communications very much and certainly want to get a look at the finished product. If you decide to use any of the stuff I've sent and want any historical data on it let me know.

Very truly yours,

R. E. Banta

Sometime, when you're thru with them, I'd like to see all the verses of Frankie and Johnny---I haven't that many myself. I think I remember about twenty-five and have eight or ten more stuck around somewhere. That ballad was my first love---at one time I intended to publish (privately, of course, and a very small edition) the whole thing with as much of its history as I could gather. I'd even gone so far as to sketch two or three pen-and-ink illustrations for it---I ran across the sketches the other day and as printing ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ is cheap in these parts I may do it yet, altho I don't know what I'll do with it when I get it printed.

By the way, is your book to be illustrated?

REB

The Allen A Company

MANUFACTURERS OF

HOSIERY AND



UNDERWEAR

Kenosha, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

ALLEN B. BROWN
Bracken Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

-8-

The little black bull came down from the mountain
Long Time ago!

His prick was long and his balls hung low.
Hooston, Yonny, Hooston.
His prick was long and his balls hung low.
Long time ago.

Chorus as before, but in each case
substituting the ~~last two lines~~ *third line*
of the verse in question, in place of
"The little black bull came down from the mountain"
as given above.

They turned him loose in a field of heifers
Hooston, Yonny, Hooston.
They turned him loose in a field of heifers
Long Time ago.

Chorus

He whet his tool on an ashen sapling.
Hooston Yonny Hooston
He whet his tool on an ashen sapling
Long Time ago.

Chorus.

Nine bull calves were born that season
Hooston, Yonny, Hooston
Nine bull calves were born that season
Long Time ago.

Chorus.

The Little black bull went back to the mountain
Hooston, Yonny, Hooston.
The little black bull went back to the mountain
Long time ago.

Chorus.

His prick was bent and his back was broken
Hooston, Yonny, Hooston.
His prick was bent and his back was broken
Long time ago.

I have never heard the air to the above anywhere else, it is
quite good.

There once was a Spanish signor (click click click click)
Who lived in a great big castilio (click click click click)
He was proud of his trol-lol-lol-lilio!
And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee! (click click)

(Castanets and Chorus)

One day he went to the theatrio
And he saw there a pretty signora
So he showed her his tra-la-la-lilio!
And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee!
(Castanets and chorus)

That night he took her to castilio
And he laid her upon a big pilly-o
And he thrust up his tra-la-la-lilio
In the works of her tweedle-dum-dee.
(Castanets and Chorus)

Next week he went to the doctorio
Says the Doctor "You have the syphilio!"
And he showed him his tra-la-la-lilio
In the works of your tweedle-dum-dee.
(Castanets and Chorus)

Now he sits all alone in Castilio.
With a big wad of cotton bactilio
And he swabs off his tra-la-la-lilio
And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.
(Castanets and Chorus.)

The air to the above is quite catchy, and panishy...good song.
There may be other verses, I don't know....never heard them.

Of course you have that master of Spanish songs..Christopher Columbo.
I do not know it, but can get it, advise if you do. I only recall
one verse, or fragment of verse....

In fourteen hundred and ninety two
Columbus crossed the Atlantic
and when he found there was no tail
It almost drove him frantic.

I heard several more verses here in Kansas City only last week,
however, and can lay my hands on them, if you so advise.
It relates the whole story of what Christopher and his sailors
really did on the cruise.

Up in Wisconsin I heard a good songsome years ago, and it ran
like this, music on request, as I have said before.

The Little Black Bull

The little black bull came down from the mountains
Hooston, Yonny, Hooston!
The little black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago.

Chorus, as follows,

Long time ago!
Long time ago!

38 Washington Square,
New York, March 30.

Mr. Alan Steyne,
Rochester, N.Y.

*answered by ANS
4/12/46*

Dear Mr. Steyne:

I am in sympathy with your desire to compile the bar-room ballads before it is too late; and want, of course, to make sure of getting a copy of the compilation. Perhaps some of these fragments, from memory, will help you a bit:

UNIDENTIFIED CHORUS

'Tis a long-haired slut for a wolf hound,
'Tis a spotted sow for a boar,
'Tis a red-headed girl for a son of a bitch,
'Tis a blue-eyed boy for a whore.
Amen.

ATHEISTIC DITTY

For God made man
And man made money
And God made bees
And bees made honey
And God made a rabbit
And sent it through the grass
And God made a dog
For to lick the rabbit's ass.

WHOREHOUSE CHANT

Chancres, blue-balls, crabs and lice,
I've had 'em all and some of 'em twice,
But the c--k s--ker who cuts a whore's price,
Is a son of a bitch, by Jesus Christ!

CHORUS OF COLOMBO SONG

He knew the world was round-o,
His balls hung to the ground-o,
This God Damned stinking son of a bitch
Was Christopher Colombo.

FRAGMENT OF THE DYING WHORE

For 'twas first to the alehouse
And then to the dancehouse
And then to the whorehouse
And then to my grave.

CHORUS

Oh, play the fife slowly and beat the drum lowly
And play the whore's march as they carry me on,
And let six jolly sportsmen carry a bunch of red roses
So they will not smell me as they carry me on.

PARODY CHORUS

Oh, I stuck my nose up a nannygoat's ass
The stink was enough to blind me,
And I left my prick for a walking stick
With the girl I left behind me.

copied

copied



WABASH 7528

The Argus Book Shop

NEW, OLD AND RARE BOOKS

INTELLIGENT SERVICE

434 SO. WABASH AVE.

CHICAGO

February 2, 1926

Mr. Hubert Canfield
Pittsford, New York

Dear Sir:

I have your letter of January 28 in which you acknowledge our order for 25 copies of THE GUTTER SONGS OF AMERICA.

You may be interested to know that Mr. John McClure of New Orleans once began to collect material of a similar nature for precisely the same kind of a volume. The proposed title was to have been THE SUBMERGED FOLK BALLADS OF AMERICA.

Mr. McClure retained the material that we had, and with his own, a good deal would probably be obtainable from him.

If you have not already a copy of THE BALLAD OF SPEARMINT GUM, I suggest that you write to Mr. Jake Zeitlin who will furnish you with a copy.

Let me know also whether you have all of the following:

THE OLD MAN HE CAME ROLLING
THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

If there is any other matter in which I can help you, I shall be happy to do so.

Yours very truly,

Ben Abramson

BA:MT



NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB

Out where the seas roll high

Out where the seas roll high
Out where brave deeds are done
Where seagulls fly
As ships go by
On the eastward and westward run
There on the great Atlantic waste
The "Roosevelt" sped on in haste
A warping sound and cry for help
And God above his justice dealt
Two lives he took that others might live
Two homes in sorrow their brave men
But proud at heart that their ^{give} duties
And the sea has called done
two more brave sons

sent at the suggestion
of Alan Steyer

W.L.B.

W. L. BRADLEY

General Outdoor Advertising Co. Inc.

ONE PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK

June 1, 1926.

My dear Mr. Canfield:

Thank you much for your promise of the collectanea after you are through with it. It will be of decided interest and value. I would like the names of such people as in your opinion might add to my own side of the work. For example, old sailors who might be able to give me chanties, etc., etc. Many who write you will, I imagine, be of the underworld, - these too interest me, for many of the songs I'm most anxious to get full information on - Frankie and Johnny - Brady - Stakerlee - Railroad Bill - Cocaine Sus - belong to or have a connection with this class.

✓ Your remarks on "Christopho Columbo" surprise me. I had no idea that any version of the famous and notorious song that swept the country about 1898-1906 went back so far. The original words as I know them (entirely decent till the parody appeared) were copyright in 1894. The chorus went in part:

He sailed the world around O
He knew land could be found O
This navigator, hard and hoary
..... gyratory
Christopho Comumbo!

One word escapes my memory. This furnished the base for the parody. What was the form that appeared during the Civil War?

On the other hand, "The Maid of Amsterdam" is old, no one knows quite how old. Masfield in his "A Sailor's Garland" and his articles in Temple Bar pulls a bad boner, however, when he says it turns up in Heywood's "Rape of Luerece." It does not, though there is a somewhat similar song there.

And have you many versions of the "Soft-Shelled Crab" also known as "The Sea Crab" - "The Golden Crab" - "The Fisherman" etc.? This goes back into the sixteenth century and is still a favorite.

I could write a book on the subject were there time. I'd be mighty glad if you'd keep in touch, and grateful for any aid you can give in my work. I've made over five hundred and sixty phonographic records so far, many of songs that have escaped all other collectors. Also have a mass of manuscript collectanea. Think I told you that I got together in the last two years nearly 2000 versions of the old deep sea chanty. I shan't fear competition there for some time.

With all good wishes, and in the hope that I may soon hear from you again, I am,

Sincerely,

Mr. Hubert L. Canfield
Care of J. P. Smith Printing Co.
Rochester. New York.

R. W. Seaman

Darien Georgia.
November 11, 1926.

Dear Canfield:

Thanks for the information about "Sycamore Jail" - for the versions of my special pet, "Frankie and Johnny" - for the promise of aid in the matter of "Cocain Sue" - in fact, for everything! And why the deuce didn't you tell me you were a perfectly good Exonian? (Yes, you guessed it - Gordon of '06) (- But they have my address wrong in the new directory-) ~~T. H. H. H.~~

Gosh, it's a small world after all. Your reference to Sandberg reminds me of a pleasant evening when he sat perched on a desk in my office at Berkeley, California - I was then an Assistant Professor of English - and sang it to me, together with "Sam Hall" and other songs of blessed memory. Wonder if he remembers? I've been out of touch with him since. But I still have tucked safely away in the Harvard Library the original phonographic cylinders I recorded, - the first time he had ever heard his own voice!

Is Carl helping you with the book? I heard indirectly, in fact through "W.C." of Los Angeles, whose word I don't put much faith in, that Sandberg was about to bring out a book of choice songs himself. I ^{wondered} at the time if in competition or collaboration with you. And what's his ^{home} address? Funny thing for me to ask, but I haven't any "Who's Who" that I can get at here.

The particular version of "F. & J." that he praises is a composite, no new stanzas, but more than are to be found in any of the usual versions. Some one has collected and then strung together. It's nearest competitor in print was in the "Whiz-Bang Annual" of some four years ago. But that was edited to avoid the more frank expressions.

I'm all out of paper - hence this apology. I've got a grouch - hence the brevity of my note. (Your letter almost pulled me out but not quite.) Forgive me this time!

Where did you go after Exeter? Just plain curiosity, that's all.

As ever,

[Robt. W.] Gordon (P.E.A. '06)

Mr. Hubert Canfield
Pittsford
New York.

A horrible example I what a letter should not be,
but - well, lay it to the grouch. - I'm, as
they say in the mountains "not fitten ter
write nobody."

HARLOW PEASE
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
BUTTE, MONTANA

January 11, 1926.

Mr. Hubert L. Canfield,
Pittsford, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Canfield:

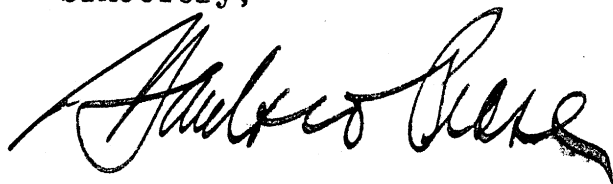
Your letter of the 7th interests me so much that I am going to excavate to the best of my opportunities in these parts. I learn from a friend that there were 81 stanzas of 'Frankie and Johnnie' current at the University of Montana some six years ago, and I hope they can be salvaged.

I have the speech of Cassius M. Johnson myself, written down about 18 years since; it is written in shorthand which I have half-heartedly tried to decipher once or twice since; I will try again. I got this among the law students at Wisconsin, then a rich field. It occurs to me that you probably can acquire much material by getting in touch with the present editor of the "Sphinx" student publication at Madison. In particular, you should be able to obtain the eminent sea chantey "Christopher Colombo" from that source. That song, and "There was a Friar in Our Town" both depend so much on the music that my own scanty recollection will have to be embroidered with some notes of the air to make it ~~them~~ useful. Sydney E. Mudd, a classmate of mine at Georgetown and since then a congressman from Maryland, was an artist in the vocal rendition of the "Friar" and other selections, but I am out of touch with him.

My authority for attributing 'A.D. 1601' in part to Mark Twain is one Bob Rose, who was once Seventh Assistant Secretary of State under Bryan, or some such title. He was a shorthand contractor at Helena, Mont., when I got the "conversations" from him; his elder brother, Dave Rose, was a celebrated mayor of Milwaukee in times past. I don't know where he could be located at this time.

If I can work out anything of substance I will inclose it herewith; if not, you will hear from me further. How large an edition is contemplated?

Sincerely,



notes in MS

Oh, I am a weaver, I live all alone,
And I work at the weaver's trade,
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a simple country maid.

Chorus:

I wooed her in the summer time
and part of the winter too

And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew -

One night she crept to my bedside,

When I was fast asleep

The pretty, pretty maid crept to my bed side

And she began to weep -

She sighed, she ^{cried} ~~died~~, she damn near died,

So what could a poor fellow do,

I took her to my bed, and I covered up her head,

Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew -

Oh I am a bachelor, I live with my son.

And we work at the weaver's trade,

And every, every time that I look into his eyes,

I'm reminded of that simple country maid.

Repeat Chorus.

recitation

The vermiform appendix is a good thing to possess,
I will make moments of happiness from moments
of distress.

Did you ever meet a maiden with a decent reputation
who has chanced to meet a fellow who is tired
of masturbation

who is young and handsome also, and he has
a husky cock

The maiden's folks are shortly to receive an
awful shock

There's going to be a bastard in the family! Joy,
oh gloat!

The old man swears to Jesus that he's going to cut
its throat

They rush her to a hospital, the doc
takes out his knife,

It costs the old gent lots of dough, it was
expensive knife,

But the maiden's reps unsullied and the
world goes on the same,

It's called appendicitis and it saves the
girl's good name.

— Isosocles.

This one is nameless so far as I know but it has an exquisite Anglo-Saxon vigor and directness about it. It is, as Charles Lamb remarked of John Websters Land Dirge, "of the earth, earthy."

The mountaineers have ragged ears,
They slap their leather britches,
They knock their cocks against the rocks
And laugh like sons of bitches.

They wipe their ass on broken glass,
They do not care for trifles.
They hang their balls upon the walls
And shoot at them with rifles.

Of course the above poem is incomplete. I doubt if it ever was complete, but its frivolity saves it. Below is one of the loveliest of old folk songs.

It was Christmas on the island.
The convicts all were there,
Gathered around the table
To eat their Christmas fare.

Up spoke the dear old warden,
And his voice rang through the halls,
"Merry Christmas, all ye convicts!"
And the convicts answered, "Balls!"

Then again up spoke the warden,
And his voice was choked with sobs,-
"For that you'll get no dinner,
You god dam dirty slob!"

And then spoke an ancient convict,
His face hard, and bold as brass.
"Then take your God dam dinner,
And shove it up your ass!"

The perfect little verse of Eugene Field's, called When Willie Wet the Bed, I can get here in New York. I am on the trail of a number of superb pieces that will make history in the publishing world. From New York I will send you a printed copy of Riley's, The Passing of the Old Backhouse. No greater exhibition of sentiment was ever seen than his feeling towards the family latrine. You know it, doubtless.

The beautiful, long poem, called, The Wind It Blew, follows. There are doubtless other stanzas. The first stanza is complete. In the others, the refrain is the same. It is better--indeed it is beautiful--sung to the tune of When Johnny comes marching home again,
The wind blew up the railroad track,
It blew, it blew.
The wind blew up the railroad track,
It blew, it blew.
The wind blew up the railroad track,
It blew way up and half way back,
And the wind it blew,
Holy Jesus, how it blew.

NB

ESTABLISHED 1870

Chrischilles & Herbst

DRY GOODS & LADIES APPAREL

ALGONA, IOWA

March, 25, 1926.

Alan N. Steyne,
Rochester, N. Y.,

Dear Sir;

We note your letter in the March, 24th issue of the NATION and while we cannot supply you with information you desire, we hope you will advise us when you get out your book of poems. Back in the old college days, "Down the Lehigh Valley" used to be very popular with the "boys" but I have forgotten the words and had all but forgotten the title. You are doing a great work in preserving these old folk-songs for the future generation. Success to you and do not fail to let me know whenever your little booklet comes to light.

Respectfully,

TIMO. H. CHRISCHILLES
Algona, Iowa.

per

T. H. Chrischilles

146



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CHICAGO

February 27, 1926

Mr. Hubert L. Canfield
Pittsford, New York

Dear Sir:

Please forgive my delay in answering your letter of the 8th, but I have been away from the city and have just returned.

The address of John McClure is 509 Royal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, and the address of Mr. Jake Zeitlin is 6534 Fountain Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Apparently THE OLD MAN HE CAME ROLLING HOME is the same poem as ROLICKING JOHN.

If I run across any material, I shall be happy to send it forward to you.

Please do not forget my order for 25 copies of the book when published.

Yours very truly,

THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP

BA:MT

February 19, 1946.

Dear Mr. Canfield:-

Your letter received and I am forwarding a few more items. I can appreciate your difficulty in getting your material, but nothing of any importance can be brought out without considerable pains. A platitude, perhaps, but quite truthful.

I am interested in the man Gordon of Harvard. Please advise him, by all means, to look me up if he comes this way. Also invite your friend Fessenden to look me up. I shall hunt up Brown and have a talk with him.

Several things I had hoped to have in before this have not materialized. Scupper-lip Snatch, Socratic Love, Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous and the cowboy stuff. There must be a world of material among the boys at the stock-yards, but I haven't got hold of the right individuals yet, seemingly.

The Arkansaw speech and the King Darius thing haven't reached me yet, either.

A friend told me he had heard some new stanzas to Christofó Colombo, but he couldn't remember them and promised to bring them in later.

Dr. Lyons is giving me loyal support and has dug up a lot of the stuff I have sent you.

Sincerely,

O E Shaw

11 NB



A Free Question and Answer Service Bureau of Information on Outdoor Life and Activities Everywhere and Upon the Various Commodities Required Therein. Conducted for Adventure Magazine by a Staff of Experts



February 6, 1926.

Dear Canfield:

I'm late with letters while this trip lasts. It will take me through every state east of the Mississippi and will not be over till I strike New Foundland some time next fall. Harvard University has sent me out to try to capture as much as possible of the genuine American folk-song in all its branches. Adventure magazine, too, is interested.

As a result all my collectanea is in storage till my return, and my memory isn't dependable. I'd like, however, to know when the book appears and to grab a copy before it's properly suppressed and the price thereupon jumps beyond reason. Carl Sandburg is a wonder. Had a memorable evening with him on the Pacific coast a couple of years ago.

And please save all the versions no matter how slightly they differ one from another, together with as definite information as possible as to age, source, authorship, etc. I realize that you will print but one version, and that in many cases this one will be made up from several scraps. What I'm after is the certainty that all the scraps in untouched form will be saved if not printed. I'd be very glad myself to be entrusted with them for permanent preservation at the Harvard Library where all my own materials will eventually be placed. I have no right of course to speak for the Library, but I'm sure that they would be glad to take charge of them. Naturally they would be placed in the "inferno" as it's called and not exposed to public view.

Wonder if you'd be willing to do this? At least I'd be glad if you'd keep in touch, and I hope that we may be able to get together some time to talk things over. You can always reach me by letters addressed - Care of Adventure Magazine, Spring & Macdougall Streets, New York City.

With all good wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

R. W. Gordon.

Mr. Hubert L. Canfield
The DuBois Press
Rochester
New York.



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CHICAGO

February 2, 1926

Mr. Hubert Canfield
Pittsford, New York

Dear Sir:

I have your letter of January 28 in which you acknowledge our order for 25 copies of THE GUTTER SONGS OF AMERICA.

You may be interested to know that Mr. John McClure of New Orleans once began to collect material of a similar nature for precisely the same kind of a volume. The proposed title was to have been THE SUBMERGED FOLK BALLADS OF AMERICA.

Mr. McClure retained the material that we had, and with his own, a good deal would probably be obtainable from him.

If you have not already a copy of THE BALLAD OF SPEARMINT GUM, I suggest that you write to Mr. Jake Zeitlin who will furnish you with a copy.

Let me know also whether you have all of the following:

THE OLD MAN HE CAME ROLLING
THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

If there is any other matter in which I can help you, I shall be happy to do so.

Yours very truly,

Ben Abramson

BA:MT



Harper Hospital,
Detroit, Mich.,
Jan. 31st.

William Duncan
Pittsford, N. Y.

Dear Duncan:- I enclose herein the words of a song of which I have not the music but if it is a new one to your collection I might be able to find or write the same.

Rag-time Cow-boy Joe.

Out in Arizona where the bad men are
and the only thing to guide you is the
evening star,

The roughest toughest guy by far is

Rag-time Cow-boy Joe.

He got his name from singing to the
cows ^{the} to sleep.

and every night they say he sings the
herd to sleep;

In a basso rich & deep crooning
soft & low-

He - always - sings - he always sings
rag-time music to his cattle
As he swings as he swings back &
forth in the saddle
On a horse, on a horse with a syncopated
gaiter
Such a funny meter to the roll of his
repeater,
Now they run - how they run when they
hear the fellow come
For the western folks all know
He's a - rootin' - tootin' - high-falootin'
son-of-a-gun from Arizona,
Rag time cowboy - rag time cowboy, rag time
cowboy Joe.

This is sung in some universities & I hear
no authentic information as to its origin.
It is a rollicking type of thing & always well
received - being also "parlor-proof"

Sincerely,

Eugene A. Cress M.D.

1590 California St,
San Francisco,
15 January, 1926.

Dear Mr Canfield,

Of course I wasn't really afraid to send this stuff through the mail; but I wasn't sure you wanted it, when I wrote to Mr William Duncan.

I enclose fairly complete versions of three songs: "The Boston Buzlar", "King Day Oo", and "It was at a ball I met him". The lines under the heading "That goddam fool Columbo" are fragmentary; perhaps a tenth of the whole song. I heard it sung only once or twice, and after a couple of years I am unable to recall it to my mind. This is a pity, for the song is a knock out.

There is a song which originated in the Philippines, of which I can remember only the refrain. It is, I think, a parody on Kipling's "Mandalay". It purports to be the plaint of a Filipino whore who worked without a "Papa-San" (pimp). This lady sold her favours on the deferred payment plan, as the motor-car dealers phrase it; and her khaki-clad debtors, it seems, sailed away without bothering to pay her. It is very touching. The refrain:
"Come you back, you dog-faced soldiers, come you back
(across the sea)
Come you back and pay the jawbone that you chiselled
(out of me).

The complete words of this song, and a lot of other material as well, I hope to get for you in a month or two. Most of my former comrades, of course, are scattered, far and wide: Frisco, you know, is not very well liked by the wanderers, except the Wobblies, who seem to divide their holidays between Frisco and Seattle. But a few remain in Hawaii, against their will you may be sure, and I shall write to two or three of them, and ask them to send me whatever they can exhume from old scrapbooks.

In the military prison at Alcatraz there is a man named George LeBlanc, who knows more of these songs than any one else I ever met. The letters these prisoners write are censored, so I couldn't get anything by writing to him. But his term will be up, I think, this spring. I shall ascertain the exact date, and meet him at the docks; and as he and I were pretty good friends, I know he will recite whatever rhymes he can remember after two and a half years behind the bars. I'll send you anything I can get.

I'm deeply interested in your collection. Have you secured a publisher? Knopf, perhaps, would bring it out, or Ben Hushch.

Sincerely,

Robert Weir



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CHICAGO

January 13, 1926

Mr. Hubert L. Canfield
Pittsford, New York

Dear Mr. Canfield:

Will you kindly enter our order
for the 25 copies of the PROJECTED
GUTTER SONGS OF AMERICA; when, as
and if issued.

Yours very truly,

THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP

BA:MT

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED

Bonanza, Colo.

January 13, 1976.

William Hencon
Box 407
Pittsford, N.Y.

Dear Sir;

Went Query No. 106 in
the January Mercury, have you
ever heard, "The Ballad of Chambers
Street", "The Bastard King of England"
"Lil was the Best the Camp Produced"
and the little ditty about Cleopatra
sung to the tune of a popular
hymn?

I am sorry to state that
I do not have copies of these up here
in the wilderness. If you will drop
me a line in about two months
at 211 East 46th St, Kansas City, Mo.,
I will be able then to send you copies.

On second thought I don't believe
I have a copy of the "Bastard King"
but I know you can obtain it
from George Chandler Caris, Concord,
New Hampshire, if you will mention
my name to him x

Any communications may
be addressed to me at Bonanza, Colo.,
for the next sixty days.

Sincerely,

W. S. McClintock Jr.

P.S. I would like a copy of "Lydia
Pinkham" if you can send it to me.
I only know a few verses. Do you know
the old drinking song that contained
the line "For the Hatch Company ^{is?} are the
best company, that ever came over from

old Germany"?

My father used to sing an old song that started, "Oh, wout you take it in your hand, Mrs. Murphy?" but he has forgotten it. It was seemingly endless. Do you know it?

15th

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January 13, 1926.

Dear Mr. Canfield:

Thanks for your letter of the 10th. I enclose such memories of Larry as I possess. This, as I recall it, was declaimed by various unregenerates and each announcement followed by the chorus I have put down. In my previous letter to you I referred to it as the Animal Fair, which is of course wrong.

I also enclose The Rehearsal, filched from a booklet printed in Japan, which accounts for the numerous typographical errors, and the Old Sport. I have been promised other efforts, including Down in the Lehigh Valley.

There are also a few verses of Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous, which others can probably add to.

The cowboy song I mentioned as Yip Ay Yaddy Ay Ay should be Ki Yi Yippy Ippy Ay, I believe. I shall try to get hold of some one at the stock yards who knows that. It goes

My foot's in the stirrup, my ass in the saddle
And I'm always around these damned old cattle,
Singing Ki Yi Yippy, Ippy Ay Ay Ay
Singing Ki Yi Yippy Ippy Ay.

With My Great Big Doodlewhacker is also a cowboy chantey which I shall have to seek for among my stock yard friends.

I haven't seen the oration on changing the name of Arkansaw for many years. Don't know anyone who has it.

May I suggest that you want for your non-musical section the Tale of a Picture. It is credited to a former editor of Outing some twenty-five or thirty years back, whose name I can't recall. It goes:

A gentle novice, who ne'er had strayed
From the convent walls since a tender maid
Of three bright summers they brought her there,
Had grown to womanhood, pure and fair.
She could ply the needle with dainty skill,
And to while the hours that were long and still
She had learned with simple art to paint,
And the picture of some grand old saint
Adorned the canvas 'neath her hand.
But greater than these one day she painted
A picture fairer than all beside,

FRANKLIN PRINTING COMPANY

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January 5, 1926.

Dear Old Blasphemous Can:

Happy New Year!

What has become of your house organ?

I ain't seen it.

To that you will probably retort:
"Where's your'n?"

Well here are a few of them.

~~Yours truly~~

My God

C. J. H. Anderson

C.J.H.Anderson/g

The
Sesqui-Centennial
Philadelphia



150 Years
of
American Independence

"Profit is ever twofold: He who gains must profit him who buys." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Brexton Apartments
Park Avenue at Chase St

Baltimore January 2 1926

My dear Mr. Canfield.

I have yours of the 31st ult. It was mighty nice of you to go to the trouble of writing out all the verses of "Lydia Pinkham" and "The French they are a Funny Race", and I certainly appreciate your kindness; it really did not occur to me what I was getting you in for.

The environment undoubtedly accounts for the difference between the maudlin mush of the Civil War verse and the joyous heart throbs of the A. E. F. As you say, much of the stuff that you have is meaningless without the music and, the really important thing is the personality in putting the stuff over.

The only thing I have in mind to send you is a verse attributed to Bobby Edwards one time bard of Greenwich Village; and this is flat unless you know the mournful musical accompaniment.

" It's a sad world, and a weary world,

When you take to sleeping in the park.

It's a sad world, and a weary world,
When the dogs all follow you and bark,
Wuff! Wuff!

What's the use of fooling with the sword
of Damocles,

When you haven't the coin to buy a box
of Ramases,

It's a sad world, and a weary world,
Damn,

Damn,

Damn.

I hope you will let me know when your book is
issued. Thanking you most heartily, I remain

Cordially yours,

HARLOW PEASE
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
BUTTE, MONTANA

January 1, 1926.

Mr. William Duncan,
Box 407,
Pittsford, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Duncan:

Your appeal for aid (Query No. 106) in the January 'Mercury' in the preservation of our unwritten literature, moves me to write a few suggestions, although I am ill-situated to do any real collecting.

I once possessed and unhappily lost a prose masterpiece, said to be composed by Mark Twain, Eugene Field and Julian Hawthorne in collaboration. It was called "Conversazione in the Time of ye Tudors". I got it from a member of the Chicago Press Club, where it was current.

Another which I hope may be reclaimed I heard only once, while riding a smoker from Pittsburgh to Altoona about 20 years ago. Like 'Lydia Pinkham', it was endless. Its refrain concerned "The Little Red Caboose Behind the Train."

I presume you have already in mind The Senator from Arkansas and 'There Was a Friar in Our Town;' also 'Christopher Colombo'---all college classics.

Yours for the renascence,

HP



(EMBOSSED LETTERHEAD)

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY
MEXICO D. F. — D.K.

2 January 1926.

Here you are! Let me know when your
book is out. I want one. Sounds interesting.
How are things in Pittsford, and is the Duke of
Pittsford, Frank Hawkey, still alive? I fell into the
canal there for a bicycle, one time, many,
many years ago, and can still taste the eel-grass.

R. H. M.

William Duncanson, Esq.
Pittsford, ^{New York} New York.

P.S. I saw your ad in The Mercury, but failed to
find it in The Christian Science Monitor.

MRS. LESLIE J. SWABACKER
815 ASH STREET
WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

Chicago, Ill., Dec 22, 1925.

Mr William Duncan,
Pittsford, N. Y.

Dear Sir:-

If you can assure me that I will not
be arrested for sending obscene matter thru
the mails and if you will also assure me of
a copy of the collection when made I can send
you quite a little of the material you ask
for in The Mercury.

Yours truly,

L J Swabacker.



FEDERAL ADVERTISING AGENCY · INCORPORATED

SIX EAST THIRTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK

TELEPHONE, CALEDONIA 7300

October 6th, 1925.

Mr. Hubert Canfield,
The Dubois Press,
Rochester, N. Y.

have

Dear Canfield:

At last I gathered together the manuscript for the various verses, and enclose copies of the Bastard King of England, Lydia, Frankie & Johnie, and Some Moonlight Night.

These copies should be read carefully and compared with any other versions which you may be able to discover.

I enclose also a note from Hoyt Catlin, which is self-explanatory.

Please excuse my negligence. I really have been very busy, and have had to let a good many things go by the boards. Look me up when you get to town. Best wishes.

Very truly yours,

Pavey

FEDERAL ADVERTISING AGENCY, Inc

VRP:CF

The Bryant Electric Company

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

BRANCHES:
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BRIDGEPORT September 21, 1925.

Mr. Van R. Pavey,
Federal Advertising Agency,
6 East 39th St.,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Pavey:

I think you told me that you and another chap were going to compile a well printed book containing the words and tunes of the old roudy songs. This is to set down the following names as subscribers to the book:

A. E. Frost, Bridgeport, Conn.
G. S. Troxell, Bridgeport, Conn.
Hoyt Catlin, Bridgeport, Conn.

The job you have set yourself to do is a worthy one and I wish you all success in getting the book together. There are many fellows I know who would be interested in the volume, and if you want their names to solicit, I will send them along. In the meantime I am going to mention it to all the good fellows I know and try to get subscriptions from them. Your enterprise deserves. Please give my kind regards to your sister and don't forget to show up at the next halleluiah of the angels.

support.

Cordially yours,
THE BRYANT ELECTRIC COMPANY

Hoyt Catlin

Hoyt Catlin,
Advertising Manager.

HC:EDM

*I have a new stereo who isn't
so damn expert, but she's willin'
and that's something.*

R.E.Banta,
514 E.Jefferson St.,
Crawfordsville, Ind.

My dear Mr.Canfield:

I had a letter a few weeks ago from Mr.Alan Styne but as he didn't mention any titles he wanted particularly and I didn't know what type of thing you were after I hadn't sent anything as yet.Your letter clears things up ---it's interesting to hear from one who appears to know whereof he speaks in the matter of this variety of Americana---I thank you.

Of course I can't vouch for the authenticity of this stuff---it may have been accumulating for generations---and thus be the real thing---or it may have been concocted on the spur of the moment.I happen to know that The Bastard King of England---which is one of the three best American ballads to my notion---was synthetically prepared for a stag dinner during the war.Possibly Christopher Colombo and Down in the Lehigh Valley were also ready made---at a guess I should place The Prodigal Son and The Sons of The Prophet(which two I am enclosing)in the same class but I have no evidence in their case.

As I suppose you already have The Bastard King,Our Liz and Christopher Colombo and the stuff I'm sending is perfectly sanitary I'll send it thru the mail.If you haven't the other three and want them I'll ship them along later.

Altho I don't know whether you have any use for such information I'm including a little biography and some conjecture of my own as to origin with some of the numbers you asked for.Several of them are obviously garbled ~~from~~ as a result of the tongue-to-tongue existence they have enjoyed but I'll leave them for you to untangle as you please.

I shall be pleased to give you any assistance I can and I should enjoy any reports of progress you find time to make.

Very sincerely yours,

R.E.Banta

HARLOW PEASE
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
BUTTE, MONTANA

February 25, 1926.

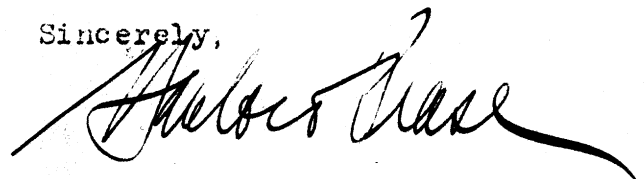
Dear Mr. Canfield:

Your sympathetic interest in the local scene leads me to presume on your attention by inclosing an article which I vainly sought to get printed in the 'Mercury'. It is useless to disguise my hope that you may be the means of getting it into print somewhere, but even if not I believe you will get some diversion out of this abbreviated history of the old 'Bulletin'. I edited the paper sub rosa while it was running as a weekly during the great shut-down of 1921-2, and therefore lack the impersonal touch, along with other desirable qualities. I will value very highly your opinion as to whether such material as this is ever likely to be acceptable in the atmosphere of enlightenment which surrounds our best minds, and whether this tale can be told in proper form to merit publication. In the particular case I would like to have a few people read about a newspaper with so unusual a career; but also, I feel sure that in the last ten or twelve years of Montana history there are greater stories and a higher quality of drama than ever could be made out of the old Clark-Daly and Heinze-Analgamated feuds, which latter gained some attention in the past.

Since you speak of the state of nonconformism in the east: Although I enjoy to the full Mencken's great engine of satire, I often feel that he and his group are oftener fighting windmills than engaging with a dangerous antagonist. I would like to compel this cult to a one-year residence in a place like Butte, and observe the reaction to the fears, whispers, resentments and hypocrisies that the economic tyranny breeds. A worthier subject would then be discovered than prohibition or fundamentalism. Radicalism in the east, except for the Civil Liberties Union, seems to me concerned too much with cultural and artistic notions, and not enough with the struggle for economic liberty. But I don't suppose that Mencken was ever at close quarters with an American Legion mob, as I have been. The atmosphere in the Dayton courtroom was a terrible thought to him; I wonder how he would react to a northern Idaho courtroom at a criminal syndicalism trial. However, de gustibus...

I am glad to hear of the progress of your work.

Sincerely,



* A good socialist must of course think down well
by saying, yes, but people must have the necessities of life
before they can get on to higher things. All that I
could answer is ^{True but only} ~~True~~ but no lack of vision beyond that
digestive tract that keeps the working man where he is.
His energies have been so put into getting bread, that
he hasn't looked further. The ballot, the best weapon
he's ever owned is in his hands and he hasn't brains
enough to use it for his own ends.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB

answered
4/12/26
am

Monday

Mr. Alan

Regarding your
appeal to the nation
thru the "Nation"

There are a number
of us who still train
in the "Gordon Gymnasium"
here that still consider
drinking and singing
the old songs a major
sport.

I am quite sure that
within the next few days
I will be able to send you
several contributions that will
be acceptable.

Yours
Bill Bradley

Sacramento
California
April 14 1926

Wm. Duncan
Box 407
Pittsford
N Y

Dear Sir-

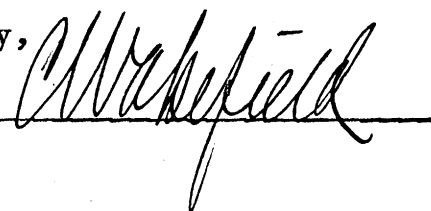
I am sending copy of a song, "Hard Times in Sycamore Jail."

This song while not familiar to the present generation was often sung with much feeling many years ago.

I can tell you nothing of its origin but think it was written on the cell wall of a southern jail by a man sentenced to be hung.

If you intend publishing a book of songs and poems please advise me. I am very desirous of getting the words to "Frankie and Johnnie" and "John Henry and the Crab." Anything you might do to help me would be appreciated.

Yours truly,



C Wakefield
2633 28th St
Sacramento
California

5/24/28

FOSTER FLETCHER

~~Hubert~~
Not answered
Ans

Alan N. Steyne
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

In the March 24th issue of the Nation I noticed your request for certain songs. Is there any way for me to get these songs from you? Are you selling the complete words and do you offer the peculiar tunes that go with them? I am interested in "Franky and Johnny" and many of the others. I notice you omit one title which probably couldn't

be printed. Perhaps you have listed it under another name. It is "Three Merry Whores from Denver" and was much sung thru this section ten and fifteen years ago - before the present prohibition. I can give you four or five verses of this song if you would care for it.

Sincerely,

Foster Flecker

Ypsilanti, Mich.
March 31, 1926.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, PRESIDENT

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH OFFICE

60 STATE STREET, BOSTON 9, MASS.

TELEPHONE MAIN 1082
" 2098
" 2099

ROBERT A. CUSHMAN
EUGENE S. HARRINGTON
AGENCY ORGANIZERS

April 23, 1926

Dear Mr Sturge:-

At your suggestion I sent Mr Canfield a number of songs some time ago but as I have not heard from him I was wondering if they had been received or gone astray. They included "Samuel Hall", "Ben Hobbs' Lament" and one or two others. I suppose you must be swamped with songs by this time and it must be quite a job wading them all out.

I hope you will reserve a copy of the book for me as I am looking forward eagerly to its publication.

With best wishes

Sincerely yours

Eugene S. Harrington

6 songs
Harrington

ans 5/19/26

TELEPHONE CENTRAL 4151

WILLIAM H. HOLLY
ATTORNEY AT LAW
77 WEST WASHINGTON STREET
CHICAGO

March 22nd,
1926.

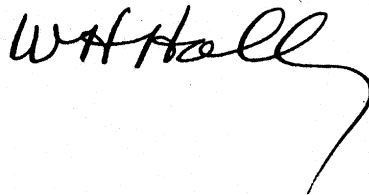
Mr. Alan N. Steyne,
164 St. Paul Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Please let me know when your book is published.
I am most anxious to secure a copy, and I have a number of friends
who will be equally interested.

I shall send you some of the data for which you
ask in a later mail.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "W H Holly", with a long, sweeping flourish extending from the end of the name.

WHH:G

March 20, 1926.

My dear Sir:

In this week's "Nation" I see from your published letter that you are "gathering together for limited and careful distribution" some choice bits of spicy American favorites.

I should like very much to be allowed to purchase the result of your efforts. Would you be so kind as to give me further details?

Sincerely,

John L. Kable, Jr.

Box 183

Lafayette College
Easton, Penna.

Mr. Alan H. Steyne
164 St. Paul Street
Rochester
N. Y.

Hubert -

HENRY W. KETZEL
West Point High School for Boys

Am answering all
other requests but wish
you would do this one.
Thanks
ans.

March 25, 1926.

Alan N. Steyne and
Hubert Canfield,
Rochester, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

Your letter ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ this week's "Nation"
caught my eye. Replying to your re-
quest I am enclosing a copy of my own
to add to your literary bouquet of "Bar
Room Ballads." I am not quite sure of
its ~~ever~~ having risen to the distinction
of ever being sung in a barroom and
it certainly has not achieved the vogue
of some which your letter mentions, but
if it breathes the real Stein-on-the-table
atmosphere it may be welcome nevertheless.

For a young friend of mine, an
ex-service man, I would be glad to
have a copy of all the verses of "Hinky
Dinky Parley Vows", if I may be bold
enough to hint that my contribution

deserves any recompense.

Just 34 years ago an organization, calling itself "The Stygians" composed of young men of imaginations and whimsies was founded here in Phila. In a somewhat altered form it still exists. I happened to be a "charter member" and a prolific contributor to the music and "literature" of the "Nation", as we called it. "Barroom Ballads" ~~were~~ of our own were of frequent production, two of mine, "Things Have Come to a Hell of a Pass" and "Bring Forth the Booze" being unconventional and bucolic enough but hardly of interest to "unStygic" ears.

I wish you joy and complete success in your quest for material for a pre-Volstead anthology.

Very sincerely yours,
Henry W. Hetzel

Washington, D. C.,
March 4, 1936.

Mr. William Duncan,
Box 407,
Pittsford, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I noted your query in the January number of The American Mercury, and regret that I cannot contribute anything in the nature of the ballads you mentioned---however, I am very much interested in American literature of this nature, and would appreciate it very much if you will advise me if you have anything of the kind that I might purchase.

My address is 2726 13th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Very truly yours,

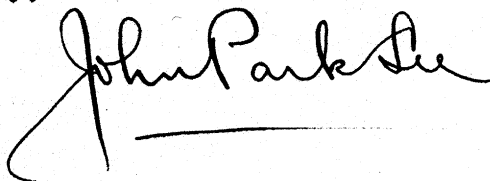

J. C. Peterman

111 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

rather oh father he's on her now..
Mademoiselle went up ~~him~~ to the front..
Up the stairs and into bed...

I hope I may have the pleasure of a reply from you. When you do publish this anthology, I wish that you would include my name on the list of subscribers. I know several other young men who would be very glad to have copies also. Incidentally, there are many scurrilous ballads in common use among college men about college men of other institutions which might fit in with your collection under a special title such as Bright College Beers, or, Never use Cayuga's Waters.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Park Lee". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,". There is a horizontal line drawn under the signature.

Mr. Alan N. Steyne
Rochester, N. Y.
Dear Sir -

Chicago, Ills.
3/24-26

May I enter the simple, but important, request to be remembered upon your publication date?

If I that you did not possess the following I would gladly copy them out for you - tho incomplete and incorrect in my memory, and far less genuine or vital than the titles you have listed.

These are they:

- "Columbo" - with the refrain "round-o."
- "Abul Abulbul Emir"
- "Major General Hanafield"
- "There Was a Friar in our Town"
- "- Bumping Around Jerusalem"

The last three I may add are familiar to Harvard and perhaps indigenous too for Cambridge & her clubs are prolific in American song.

Sincerely Yours,

Joe C. Bailey

303 Oak St.

Danville, Illinois

P.S. I have copies of Riley's "Passing of the Back House."

400 Ridge Building,
Kansas City, Mo.,
Feb. 12, 1926.

Dear Mr. Canfield:-

I have found it inconvenient to send you any stuff for some time, but submit a batch herewith from which you may glean something useful.

I think Caspar Whitney was once on Outing, but haven't verified it. You should be able to find out very easily. I don't even know that he is responsible for the Tale of a Picture, but my impression runs that way.

There are some additional verses to the Chicago Blues song which you may know. They all follow the same trend:

I ain't no jockey, nor a jockey's son,
But I'll do your easy-riding till the jockey comes.

I ain't no iceman, nor an iceman's son,
But I'll fill your box until the iceman comes.
And so on through countless occupations.

I have learned one thing in connection with this work. It is easy to get extravagant promises, but hard to realize on them. My friends are anxious to help up to the point of actually getting the material, when for some reason their enthusiasm ebbs. However, a little perseverance brings some result.

Would be glad to know your other Kansas City correspondents, if you don't feel that it would be betraying confidences. Perhaps by cooperation we could get quicker action on some of these things. Do as you think best about this suggestion.

There is a great deal of latrine doggerel which might be interesting. Here is a verse written on the walls of a pay-as-you-enter toilet in a down town hotel:

Here I sit
All broken-hearted--
Jitney out
And only farted.

Have a little more material in hand now and will send it as soon as I get a chance to transcribe it.

Sincerely,

O E Stark

P . S .

The following poem has occurred to me since x writing the letter. It was a popular one when I was in boarding-school, -St. Paul's, Concord, N.H., - and was felt to extoll the prowess of the St. Pauls boys. I enclose it for anything it may be worth.

F.R.F.

Come all ye Concord Chippies,
And hearken unto me!
Never trust a St. Pauls V Boy
An inch above the knee!

I trusted one, The Son of a Bitch,
As you can easily see!
And he left me in the hell of a fix,
With a baby on my knee.

WALTER H. NEGBAUR, PRESIDENT

CORNELIUS ROACH, 1st VICE-PRESIDENT

C. M. VINING, TREASURER

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January 14, 1926.

Dear Mr. Canfield,-

Here is some more stuff just as I got it. The Lady lil piece seems garbled beyond reason, but you perhaps can get it straightened out from other sources.

I remembered after I wrote you yesterday that I omitted one stanza from The Old Sport. The second stanza should be inserted as follows;

"I ain't got no money, but if I was rich
I'd go dead broke on that son of a bitch.
When he gets started he'll make 'em all itch,
He'll win in a walk, by gosh!"

I am not attempting to attain any particular standard in the selections I send you, but take them as they come. You will use such as you see fit.

Sincerely,

Something to offend everyone

Confield

CAMP MEETING SONG.

(Tune: Roll, Jordan, Roll)

The old darktown revival
They say it has no rival
They pray to beat the devil
Shouting, Roll, Jordan, Roll.

A

Oh, sister, you've been called on
For some of the stuff you're setting on
There's a brother in the corner with a hard on
Saying, Roll, Jordan, Roll.

B

Now, sister, don't you weaken,
Here ~~comes~~ the handsome deacon,
Salvation he's a-seekin'
Singing, Roll, Jordan, Roll.

C

Hey, brother, park your 'fannie'
Lay right down there with Annie
Give her the old bananny
And it's Roll, Jordan, Roll.

CAMP MEETING SONG.

(Additional verses).

← Put verse A & B in preceding
you, page here.

- insert verse @ here

4

ist

dy.

拍立

For the sun comes up + the sun goes down
And never ~~misses~~ ^{misses} a hair.
x — x — x

Hinky-Pinky Parley Voue.

Landlord have you some fine wine
For a tired soldier from the line
Oie! maise I've a daughter fine
Of graceful form + slender line
The went up stairs + went to bed
And then he took her maidenhead.

alternative
line

(And Zowie! Went her maidenhead)

Three months passed + all was well

Six " " " " And there was Hell

For a little kid began to yell

Nine months passed + she did grant

And a little marine came out of her cunt.

The little boy he grew + he grew

So now he's in the army too.

The little marine he grew so fine

That now he's screwing them ten at a times

The French they are a funny race etc

The General won the cross of war

Nobody know what he got it for

Perhaps it was for fucking a whore

The dog marines were first in France

And made the Kaiser shit in his pants.

Lydia Pinkham.

Oh well sing well sing well sing
 To Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Pinkham,
 And her boon to the human race
 We'll sing to Lydia Pinkham
 She wipes the puf-les off your face.

Mrs. Mordbome kept a whorehouse
 But her girls weren't worth a dime
 So ^{she} gave them vegetable compound
 Now they're working over time.

Mrs. Jones she had to breastwork
 She was flat across the brow
 Then she took some vegetable compound
 Now they milk her like a cow

Mary Anne she loved her father
 But she blushed because his penis ^{was} ~~grew~~ so long
 So she took some veg compound.
 Now she's conscious of no wrong

Lovely Beryl she was sterile
 Husband couldn't make a hit
 So she etc
 Now two babies suck each tit.

Mrs. Darrow was so narrow

That a toothpick was too thick
So she etc.
Now there's room for an elephant's pick.

You're in the army now
You're not behind the plow
You son of a bitch
You'll never get rich
You're in the ~~army~~ now

Grandpa

Grandpa had a fresh young bride,
And a whorehouse on the side
Grandpa's always up to tricks
Ain't he cute? No 86.

Imitate him

Don't ate him if you can
Grandpa is a grand old man

Grandpa's
is so funny when he teases
girls, & gives them his diseases
It's in his
in his joking way
Stole the baby's balls one day

now our little sister is dead
since he broke her maidenhead

Is always shouts with joy
When he kills a little boy

6⁷s
Is dying hear him cough?
Isnt his penis off.

Is
now been done with all his tricks
At the age of 6 —

Canfield

Lydia Pinkham. G

Mrs. Brown had a female weakness,
And she had no children dear;
So she wrote to Lydia Pinkham,
And now she's having seven a year.

(Chs.)

Sing, O sing, (O sing, O sing,)
Of Lydia Pinkham (Pinkham, Pinkham),
And her love for the human race;
How she sells her Vegetable Compound,
And the papers publish her face

Canfield
OK

During the latter part of the Civil War, the Confederacy was short of salt petre, one of the most necessary ingredients of gunpowder. The following advertisement in the Salem, Alabama "Sentinel" shows an original method of obtaining a supply:

'The ladies of Salem are respectfully requested to preserve their chamber lye, as it is very needful in the cause of the Bonfederacy in the manufacture of nitre, a necessary ingredient of gunpowder. Wagons with barrels will be sent to residences daily to collect and remove the same.'

(signed) John Harrolson,

Agt. Ordnance & Mining Bureau.
C. S. A.

The scheme was so novel that a local wit perpetrated the following:

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, you are a funny creature,
You've given to this cruel war, a new and curious feature;
You'd have us think, while every man is bound to be a fighter,
The women, bless the pretty dears, should save their pee
for nitre.

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, where did you get the notion,
To send the barrels around the town to gather up the lotion?
We thought the women's duty done in keeping house and diddling,
But now you'd set the pretty dears to patriotic piddling.

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, do, pray, invent a neater
And somewhat less immodest way of making your saltpetre.
The things so very queer, you know, gunpowder-like and cranky,
That when a lady jerks her brine she shoots a bloody Yankee.

A copy of this found its way through the lines and a Vermont corporal wrote the following, which was sent back to the Rebel camp:

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, we read in song and story,
How women's tears in all these years have sprinkled fields of glory,
But ne'er before did women help their brave in deeds of slaughter,
'Till Southern beauties dried their tears and went to making water.

(continued)

No wonder, John, your boys are brave, who wouldn't be a fighter,
If every time he shot his gun, he used his sweetheart's nitre?
And, vica versa, what could make a Yankee soldier sadder,
Than dodging bullets fired from a pretty woman's bladder?

We've heard it said a subtle smell still lingered in this powder,
And as the smoke grew thick and the din of battle louder,
That there was found in this compound a serious objection:
The soldiers could not sniff it without causing an erection.

'Tis clear now why desertion is so common from your ranks:
An Arctic nature's needed to withstand Dame Venus' pranks -
A Southerner can't stand the press - when once he's had a smell,
He's got to have a piece or bust - the Cause can go to hell.

LYDIA PINKHAM

F

Oh, we sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham
And her love for the human race!
She invented a wonderful compound,
And now the papers publish her face!

Oh, Mrs. Jones had bladder trouble,
And she couldn't take a p--; a
So she drank, she drank, she drank, ~~three~~ bottles of compound,
And now they pipe her to the sea!

Oh, we sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham, etc.

Oh, Mrs Smith - she had no breast-works
Which made her husband raise a row;
So she drank, she drank, she drank, two bottles of compound,
And now they milk her like a cow!

Oh, we sing, we sing, etc.

Oh, Mrs. Brown had woman's weakness -
And she had no children dear;
So she drank, she drank, she drank, three bottles of compound,
And now she has them twice a year!

Oh, we sing, we sing, etc.

LYDIA PINKHAM.

Mrs. Brown was constipated,
It was hard for her to pass,
She took five bottles of Lydia's Compound
And wears a faucet in her ass.

CHORUS

Mrs. Blue had monthly troubles,
It was hard for her to leak,
She took six bottles of Lydia's Compound,
She comes sick now twice a week.

CHORUS:

Mrs. Smith had diarrhea,
Couldn't sleep for Nature's call,
Took two bottles of Lydia's Compound,
Now she sleeps right through it all.

CHORUS:

Mrs. Jackson had lumbago,
Felt as though her back was broke,
Took four bottles of Lydia's Compound,
Now she gives an eight-inch stroke.

CHORUS:

Nellie Johnson lost her cherry,
She was ruined, without a doubt,
Took two bottles of Lydia's Compound,
Now she's glad that it is out.

CHORUS:

Sarah Jones was nearly thirty,
And had never been seduced;
Took three bottles of Lydia's Compound,
Now she practices self-abuse.

CHORUS:

LYDIA PINKHAM

Sing, oh sing of Lydia Pinkham
And her love for the human race,
How she makes her Vegetable Compound
And the papers publish her face.

^{oh}
~~How~~ it sells for a dollar a bottle
And it cures all manner of ills
And is more highly recommended
Than Releevo Ladies' Pills.

Sister Susie had no breastworks
She had nothing 'neath her blouse
Till she took one bottle of compound
Now they milk her with the cows.

Widow Brown had female weakness
Bearing down pains like needles and pins;
- Soaked her feet in Vegetable Compound
And became the mother of twins.

Mrs. Jones had urinitis
Indeed, she couldn't pee at all,
But she drank one bottle of compound
and behold! - a waterfall.

Have you heard of Henry Ward Beecher
And his love for Lydia Pink,
How they spent the night together
And he played with Lydia's dink.

Tommy Brown he went to Harvard
Where he met with an awful mishap;
Took ten bottles of Lydia's Compound
But it would not cure the clap.

Mrs. Morehouse kept a whorehouse
But her girls weren't worth a dime
So she gave them Vegetable compound
Now they're working overtime.

—
Mary Anne she ^{loved} loved her father
But blushed because his ~~penis~~ ^{prick} was ~~so~~ long
But she took some V.C.
Now she's conscious of no wrong.

—
Lovely Beryl she was a simple
Husband couldn't make a hit
So she took some V.C.
Now 2 babies suck each tit

—
Helen Darrow was so narrow
That a toothpick was too thick
So she took some V.C.
Now there's room for an elephant's prick.

Lydia Pinkham's Lydia Pinkham's
(U. of Michigan version) (come)

Mrs. Smith had female weakness
And she thought of singing
To go Lydia Pinkham's Pinkham-ping
And other songs for the human race
How she makes her vegetable compound
While the papers publish her face -
(publish her face)

Mrs. White had been a bottle -
Oh she sells for a dollar a bottle -
Which is very cheap for you see.
And if one doesn't like it
She will sell it for three -
Chorus: -

Let us sing - etc -

Mrs. Brown she had no children
Which grieved her sore, my dear
She took a bottle of Lydia's compound
Now she has a letter a year

Cho: - Let us - etc

Willie Jones he went to Harvard
Where he had a sad mishap
Took two bottles of Lydia's compound
But it wouldn't cure the clap

Cho: - Let us - etc

Lydia Penkham
(cont.)

Mrs. Smith had female weakness
And she thought it wouldn't yield
Took three bottles of Lydia's compound
And can plow a ten acre field

Bhs:-
Let us - etc

Mrs. White had bladder trouble
And she thought she couldn't pee
Took four bottles of Lydia's compound
Now they pipe her to the sea-
shore:-

Let us sing - sing - sing
etc -

A song to the tune of- "I'm a roving wrack of poverty, and
the son of a gambler."

A lad named Shamus O'Riley

Once lived in Eiren's Isle.

A bully boy for fucking,

And he did it up in style.

He fucked all the girls in Ireland

From the Channel to the main,

Then skipped it off to Turkey

To look for hotter game.

He got into the Harem

Where the Sultan kept his tail,

The girls were overjoyed to see

A huskey big whanged male.

They hid him in the shit-house

Of the sultan's Ivory towers,

And those that wanted fucking

Had to stand in line for hours.

He took them in succession,

Hardly stopping off for meals,

And the harem soon was ringing

With delighted girlish squeals.

For big cunts or little cunts

He filled them one and all-

Upon the floor or shit-house seat,

Or up against the ~~down~~ wall,

Some leave it -
Soon happy girlish laughter
Was ringing thru the halls
They all sang the praises
Of his mighty cock and balls
For big cunts or little cunts -
etc.

Things went hot and heavy
For just about a year,
Then a sudden flood of babies
Struck the Sultan rather queer.
Ninety wives had Bastards
Each with flaming orange hair,
And the Sultan ^{he} set out to find
The why and when and where,

He sought the Tower shit-house
To meditate and crap.

And There he found our Shamus
Lying in Fatima's lap.
With his thumb stuck up her arse-hole
And his peter up her twat.
The Sultan grabbed him by the balls,
And beaned him with a pot.

He yelled for guards and soldiers,
And roared "Bring on my knives,
For I've got the bloody bastard
Who's been fucking up my wives!"
"I'll cut his bloody nuts off
And make him eat them raw.
I'll tear his bloody cock out
And cram it down his craw!"

But his angry heart was softened

When he saw how Shamus wept,

He only tossed him down a dungeon

Where a lioness was kept.

The lioness was then in heat,

~~O' Riley~~ ^{Shamus} leapt upon her back,

And sent his mighty joy-prong

A-whizzing up her crack.

~~Shamus cried 'Tis hotter tail~~

Shamus cried "Tis hotter tail

Than I've had in all my life."

But the Sultan crept behind him,

And disballed him with a knife.

The Harem girls went on a strike,

For they craved that penis back,

But ^{O'} Riley died of a broken heart,

And his lioness died of clapp.

[B]

The men are small + tough in Mobile: ||
 " " " " " " " " " " " "

And the girls are big + rough
 So they ~~do~~ never get enough
 In Mobile.

The eagles now fly higher in Mobile: ||
 " " " " " " " " " " " "

Site one hit a thalby wire
 And set its balls on fire
 In Mobile.
 x x x

Three Whores From Spain

~~There were 3 whores from Spain
 They crossed the raging main
 And all their conversation was
 My cunt is bigger than yours
 You lie, you damned old whore
 For mine is as big as a river
 And the ducks swim in + the ducks swim out
 And not one rumples a feather.
 "You lie you damned old whore
 For mine is as big as the sea
 And the ships sail in + the ships sail out
 And even the masts go free."
 "You lie you damned old whore
 For " " " " " " " " " " " "~~

[This is the back of the preceeding page]

The eagles they fly ^{high} in Mobile
" " " " " "

Oh the eagles they fly high
And they shut right in your eye
I'm glad that cows don't fly
In Mobile

The old red cow is dead in Mobile
" " " " " "

Oh the " " " " "
So they milk the bull instead
For the children must be fed
In Mobile

The men they wash the dishes in Mobile: ||
" " " " " "

And they wipe they on their butches
For they're dirty sons of bitches
In Mobile

You can't pick up a whore in Mobile: ||
" " " " " "

But go into any store
You'll get all you want and more
In Mobile

· THE · SAGAMORE · ✓

EAST AVENUE

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Sung by Rinaldo Werrenrath

King Solomon and King David led
^{merry} merry ^{merry} merry ^{lives} lives.

With very ^{many} many ^{lady} lady friends
and ^{many} many ^{wives} wives.

But when old ^{age} age ^{came} came on ^{them} them

With very ^{many} many ^{qualms} qualms

King Solomon wrote the ^{psalms} psalms

King David wrote the ^{psalms} psalms

Write for music and other
words

Pro Pornography Americans

PARODY ON CASEY JONES.

fruit ✓

Come all ye tail-hounds if you want to hear

The story of a brave engineer.

Casey Jones was his name,

In a four-poster bed he won his fame.

His wife woke Casey at half past four,

And told her spouse she wanted some more.

He mounted to her belly, his trombone in his hand

And shoved ~~it~~ twelve inches into the promised land.

Late in the evening, looking rather pale,

He went to the eat-house to get his usual tail.

He said to the madam, "Bring on all that you've got,

For I'm feeling mighty horny and I'll fuck the goddam lot."

He felt of his balls and his balls they hung low

He looked at the whores all lying in a row,

He looked at the madam, and he said,

"I'll fuck the whole kabodde but I'll soon be dead."

He got a heavy hard on and started down the line,

And fucked them quick and pretty till he got to 29.

As he slipped in his pecker, a tear stood in his eye,

He said "I'm going to fuck you last thing before I die."

CASEY JONES (2)

He worked for forty minutes, and he came for twenty-five.

When he'd shot his wad out, he was only half alive.

They laid him on the sofa, and stood around in tears,

And said "He' is the grandest man we've screwed in many years."

Said Casey to the doctor just before he died,

"There are two more girls I wish that I could ride."

The doctor asked "Who can they be?"

"Bow-legged Susan and Hot-cunt Marie."

Canfield

The Shit House Rag.

Dan! Dan!

The lavatory man,

Has full charge

Of the crapping can.

He picks up the papers and he hands out the towels

And he listens to the rumble of the fat men's bowels.

Ffff! Ffff!

A fart is heard

Followed by the sound

Of a splashing terd.

He finds his joy and greatest bliss

In the crackle of the paper and trickle of the piss,

Rah! R ah! Sis boom ah!

Oh, you Shit House Rag!

#####

Turkey In The Straw.

I dreamt last night and the night before

That the devil was a-knocking on the shit-house door.

I went down stairs to let him in,

And he cracked my ass with his rolling pin

2nd Verse

I ran upstairs to crawl into bed,

And fell in the piss-pot over my head.

I couldn't swim and I couldn't float,

A great big terd slid down my throat.

P 363

add to
264

HUBERT L. CANFIELD

Advertising

82 ST. PAUL STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dan, Dan the lavatory man
Works all day in the crapping can
Hands out soap & hands out towels
And listens to the music of the moving bowels.

Dan, Dan, the lavatory man
Looks for his tips in the crapping can
He works like hell & never growls
And is sure of a tip from each move of the bowels.

Dan, dan the lavatory man
Never gets - tipped by a constipated man
He knows damned well when a drummer howls
There won't be a tip without a move of the bowels.

Dan, dan, the lavatory man
Work like hell - make all you can
Slide the bowels & the action of the heart
And is there with the paper at the very first faint

I can't conceive the archly cruel
wherein you men can lounge pride
Yourself from female rivals free
For surely we have grown to be
Your peers in every human stricken
It is a truth that none dare hide
Yet why you men will not agree
To recognize the new decree
I can't conceive

Now, entre nous, won't you confide
And tell me true, all jokes aside
What difference the world can see
Between your manly self & me?
To tell you truly, he replied
I can't conceive.

Braden Copper Co.,

STEAM RAILROAD DEPARTMENT

Answered
by ANS

6/1/1926

Rancagua, Chile,
Apr. 28, 1926,

Dear Sirs:

As an ex-member of the Canadian Army,
I was rather interested in your letter to The Nation
regarding "Sinky Sinky" and other "non far lov" war
songs. Here are a few as I recall them:—

Mademoiselle from Armentiers, Parlez vous,

" " " " "
Up the stairs and in to bed,
It only costs a Franc she paid,
Sinky Sinky, parlez vous.

The Yanks are having a hell of a time, Parlez vous,
" " " " " " " " " " "

Fucking the girls behind the link,
Sinky Sinky, Parlez vous.

Mademoiselle from Boule Renade, Parlez vous,
" " " " " " " " "

" " " " "
I ucked herself with a hand grenade,
Sinky Sinky, Parlez vous.

Mademoiselle from Armentiers, Parlez vous
" " " " " " " " "

Joke-a-loo for souvenirs,
Sinky Sinky, parlez vous.

Madamaiselle from Armentiers, Parlez vous,
" " " " " "

Hasn't been fucked for forty years,
Dinky Dinky, Parlez vous.

Madamaiselle from Boule Renade, Parlez vous.
" " " " " "

Fucks the bag for a lemonade.

Dinky dinky, parlez vous.

Madamaiselle from Armentiers, parlez-vous,
" " " " " "

Madamaiselle, have you got any wine,

Fit for a soldier, from the line.

Dinky dinky, parlez vous.

STEAM RAILROAD DEPARTMENT

Following is a list of odd songs and the times to which they were sung:

1. (this is a song with ~~odd~~ odd "air" that was usually sung when drunk; so far as I know, it had only one verse.)

Down in Arizona,

A monkey fucked a cat.

And all the poor old cat could do,

Was fuck the monkey back

Singing rag-time cow boy Joe.

Second hand

Lewis Muir, Grant
Clare and Maurice
Abrahams

Rag time Cowboy Joe
1912

2. (Another version of "Good byee.")

Good byee Good byee,

Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye,

It's too hard to part, I know,

I am tickled to death to go.

Good byee, good byee,

There's a silver lining, in the sky,

Ah, I say, Mrs. Brown,

If your daughter's out of town,

Will you take in your hand

Or in your eye.

Second

3. (This was sung to a hymn. I know the tune, but can not recall the name - think it was, "Three in One", or "Blessed Trinity" sung by the early Canadians, who went over under the Sam Hughes regime, and who found their rifles (Ross) defective.)

We are ^{Sam Hughes'} Sam Hughes' Army,

We are his Infantry,

We can not fight, we can not shoot,

What fucking good are we,

And when we get to Berlin,

The Kaiser, he will say

Hock hock, mein Gott, What a hell of a lot,

The Canadian Infantry.

(continued on other side)

We beat you up at Vimy,
We hammered you on the Ancre,
We gave you hell at Neuve Chapelle,
And here we are again.
And when we get to Berlin,
The Kaiser, he will say,

Mein Gott Von Luck
We're shit out of luck,
Here's the Canadian Infantry

4. (Is the tank of - "He's a cousin of mine".)

We haven't seen old Currie* for a hell of a time,
We never see the dirty bastard up in the line,
We went to Mons to see what he was doin'
We found the Canadian Army in a fucking state of ruin.
Oh we haven't seen old Currie in a hell of a time,
He may have been blown up by a mine - we hope so
He had a horror of the trenches
Fuck him! He's no cousin of mine.

* In command of C.E.F.

5. (This had a tank of its own).

Aprez la guerre finie.
Angly soldad parti.
Mademoiselle's in the family way,
Aprez la guerre finie.

6. (Think "What a friend we have in Jesus")

When this fucking war is over,
Oh how happy I will be.
When the fighting all is over,
And once again we are free.
No more church parades on Sunday.
No more asking for a pass.
We will tell the Lieutenant Major
To shove his passes up his ass.

Mademoiselle from Armatieres, parlez-vous?

Mademosielle from Armatieres, parlez-vous?

Mademoiselle from Armatieres

She hadn't been fucked for forty years;

Inky-dinky parlez-vous?

Mademoiselle from Armatieres, parlez-vous?

Mademoiselle from Armatieres, parlez-vous?

Mademoiselle from Armatieres

The soldier's cock brought her to tears;

Inky-dinky parlez-vous?

The fireman he was shovelling coal, parlez-vous?

The fireman he was shovelling coal, parlez-vous?

The fireman he was shovelling coal

He shoved it up the engineer's hole;

Inky-dinky parlez-vous?

The conductor was punching tickets for France, parlez-vous?

The conductor was punching tickets for France, parlez-vous?

The conductor was punching tickets for France

He saw a lady without any pants;

Inky-dinky parlez-vous?

The Little Red
Train

Canfield
1911

✓
Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous.

The officers get all the steak,
Parlez-vous;

The officers get all the steak,
Parlez-vous;

The officers get all the steak
And all we get the belly-ache;
Hinky Dinky parlez-vous.

Go down the street and turn to your right,
And spend ten francs to stay all night.

The Medical Corps went over the top,
And soon they'll be skinning the Kaiser's c-.

The M. O.'s say they won the war,
Standing on guard at a cafe door.

Hinky-dinky Parlez-Vous. (con.)

Mademoiselle from Armentiers,
Hasn't been 7 - for forty years.

I have some more verses that are better
(or worse) -

✓

Hinky-dinky Parley-Vous

Up the stairs + into the bed, parley-vous,

do. -

do. -

And then he broke her maiden head,

Hinky-dinky parley-vous.

The first three months were very well, p-v.,

The ^{second} ~~third~~ three months she began to swell, p-v.,

The third three months she gave a grunt,

And a red-headed bugger jumped out of her c-.

Hinky-dinky parley-vous.

And the red-headed bugger, he grew and grew, p-v.,

do. -

do. -

And now he is of - the women too,

Hinky-dinky parley-vous.
(con.)

And the red-headed bugger he got the fox, p-v.,

do. —

do. —

And now they've got him in a great big box,

Hinky - dinky parley - oons.

HINKY, DINKY, PARLEZ-VOUS.

The French they are a peculiar race,
Parlez-vous,
The French they are a peculiar race,
Parlez-vous,
The French they are a peculiar race,
They fight with their feet, and fuck with their face,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

add version

Further

Mademoiselle of Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Mademoiselle of Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Up ze stairs and in ze bed;
And there she lost her maiden-head,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

First three months and all is well,
Parlez-vous,
First three months and all is well,
Parlez-vous,
First three months and all is well,
The next three months she begins to swell,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

Nine months gone, she gave a grunt,
Parlez-vous,
Nine months gone, she gave a grunt,
Parlez-vous,
Nine months gone, she gave a grunt,
And a little marine jumped out of her cunt,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

The little marine he grew and grew
Parlez-vous,
The little marine he grew and grew,
Parlez-vous,
The little marine he grew and grew,
And now he's scragging the women too,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

*The little Marine went on
the trip
and made the Kaiser suck
his cock*

DIJON
Mademoiselle of gay DeJong,
Parlez-vous,
Mademoisell of gay DeJong, *DIJON*
Parlez-vous,
Mademoisell of gay DeJong, *DIJON*
She gave me clap with a safety on,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

*Place all
the versions together*

HINKY. DINKY. PARLEZ-VOUS.

(continued)

Mademoiselle of Kemel hill,
Parlez-vous,
Mademoiselle of Kemel Hill,
Parlez-vous,
Mademoiselle of Kemel-Hill,
She won't jig-jig, but her mother will,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

Landlord, have you some ruby wine,
Parlez-vous,
Landlord, have you some ruby wine,
Parlez-vous,
Landlord, have you some ruby wine,
That's fit for an officer of the line,
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

Landlord, have you a daughter fine,
Parlez-vous,
Landlord, have you a daughter fine,
Parlez-vous,
Landlord, have you a daughter fine,
That would suit an officer of the line,
Fit
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

Verse A in following page goes with this.

next verse should be - "Oh yes I have a daughter fine
see following pages

5-1111 verses

Mademoiselle from Bar le Duc,
Parlez vous.
Mademoiselle from Bar le Duc,
Parlez vous.
Mademoiselle from Bar le Duc,
She came to Paris to gobble the gop.
Hinky dinky parlez vous.

Mademoiselle have you any cunt,
Parley vous
Mademoiselle have you any cunt,
Parley vous
Mademoiselle have you any cunt,
Send it up to the American front,
Hunky, dinky, parley vous.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley vous
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Hadn't been jazzed in forty years,
Hinky, dinky parley vous.

Land/nd
Madam, have you a daughter fair,
Parley vous
Land/nd
Madam, have you a daughter fair,
Parley vous,
Land/nd
Madam have you a daughter fair,
With lily white tits and raven hair,
Hinky, dinky, parley vous.

The little marine he sailed away,
Parley vous
The little marine he sailed away,
Parley vous,
The little marine he sailed away,
And left his girl in the family way,
Hinky, dinky, parley vous.

Many and many a married man,
Parley vous,
Many and many a married man,
Parley vous,
Many and many a married man,
Wants to go back to France again,
Hinky, dinky, parley vous.

?

A

B

the last verse of the marine section

This should be the last verse of the marine section
odd version

HINKY DINKY PARLEZ VOUS

Dear lady, have you a girl so fine,
Parlez vous,
Dear lady, have you a girl so fine,
Parlez vous,
Dear lady have you a girl so fine
Fit for a soldier from the line?
Hinkey, dinkey, parlez vous.

Oh, yes, I have a daughter so fine,
Parlez vous,
Oh, yes, I have a daughter so fine,
Parlez vous,
Oh, yes, I have a daughter so fine
Fit for a soldier from the line.
Hinkey, dinkey, parlez vous.

They went upstairs to go to bed,
Repeat, etc.,
And then he took her maidenhead,
Hinkey, dinkey, parlez-vous.

Three months passed and all was well,
And then her belly began to swell.

Three months more and she gave a grunt,
And out rolled a recruit from her old red c--t.

This young recruit he grew and grew,
And now he's f--king the ladies too.

A mademoiselle from Armentieres,
She hadn't been f--ked in forty years.

~~The~~ A mademoiselle from gay Patee,
She f--ked a boy from Company B.

The M.P.'s behind the lines,
F--king the women and drinking the wines.

The Y.M.C.A. went over the top, *their sleep*
To let the soldier ~~to~~ suck his c--t.

The Jewish Marines went over the top,
To pick up the pennies the doughboys did drop.

And a thousand other variations.

Many a son of Abraham,
Parley vous,
Many a son of Abraham,
Parley vous,
Many a son of Abraham,
He ate his ham for Uncle Sam,
Hinky, dinky, parley vous.

✓
odd version

The captain he's a-carryin' a pack,
Parley vous
The captain he's a-carryin' a pack,
Parley vous
The captain he's a-carryin' a pack,
Hope to Christ it breaks his back,
Hinky, dinky, parley vous.

odd version
✓

landlord have you a daughter fair
with ~~light~~ white tits + raven hair

odd serving { the dog marines were fish in France
And made the Kaiser slit his pants

odd version { The General won the war
But god knows what he got it for

211 West 11th Street, NYC.
March 19th, 1926

Alan N. Steyne:

Dear Sir:

I read your joyous note in this week's "Nation", and hasten to cooperate where I can. I noticed a similar appeal in the MERCURY a few months ago, and imagine that is your pristine inspiration.

However, if I cannot contribute much to this priceless anthology, I hope to be able to get a copy when it is in final shape; so remember the name and address for future circularizing purposes.

I suppose you have already millions of verses for the famous "Parley-voo". Do they perchance include:

"The general got the Croix de Guerre... ✓

The son of a bitch was never there."

and

"Mademoiselle from gay Paree, ✓

Had the chancre and gave it to me."

and

"The little Marine he grew and he grew, ✓

And now he's shaggin' the women too."

and ✓

"The little Marine went over the top

To let the Kaiser suck his ----" (not such a good rhyme)

which are all the verses I ever heard sung in our detail.

And there is another gem which I have heard, but never learned:

It begins: "Twas in my mother's hallway,

That I was led astray" (tune: Christmas ^[Liarhax] in the Harem)

On other pages, I attach other songs and fragments which may help a bit.

Best luck to you, and be careful about the mails.

Sincerely,

Archie Coates

Stray verses of Hinky Pinky Parlez-vous

The A. E. F. is coming back,

But the mamerselles have got their jack,

Hinky pinky parlez-vous.

} odd version

The Y. M. C. A. has gone over the top

To pick up the pennies the Doughboys drop,

Hinky pinky parlez-vous.

} odd version

Mamerselle from gay Paree,

I asks "Do you fuck?" and she says "OUI, oui!"

Hinky pinky parlez-vous!

} odd version

I screwed her in an old latrine,

Cost two francs and was tres bean.

Hinky pinky parlez-vous.

} odd version

The first ~~four~~ months all was well.

Then, by God, she began to swell,

Hinky pinky parlez-vous.

When nine months came she gave a grunt,

A little ~~marine~~ hopped out of her cunt,

Hinky pinky parlez-vous.

The little ~~marine~~ went over the top,

And made the Kaiser suck his cock,

Hinky pinky parlez-vous!

S L A P O O N .

(Sung by the Archangel Expeditionary Force - Russia - 1918-1919)

There was an old soldier who crossed the Rhine
Slapoon
There was an old soldier who crossed the Rhine
Slapoon
There was an old soldier who crossed the Rhine
And he stopped in a tavern to buy him some wine
Slapoon, Slapoodle
Die Heimen go Fadle *Slapoon*

Said he: "Dear Mutter, your daughter is fine,
Slapoon
Said he: "Dear Mutter, your daughter is fine
Slapoon
Said he: "Dear Mutter your daughter is fine
She ought to be fucked with a prick like mine,
Slapoon, Slapoodle
Die Heimen go Fadle.

Oh, no! You see my daughter's too young,
Slapoon
Oh, no! You see my daughter's too young,
Slapoon
Oh, no! you see my daughter's too young,
For you and she would surely get hung,
Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Heimen go Fadle.

Oh, no, Dear Mutter, I'm not too young,
Slapoon
Oh, no, Dear Mutter, I'm not too young,
Slapoon,
Oh, no, Dear Mutter, I'm not too young,
For I've been fucked by many a one,
Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Heimen go Fadle.

Oh, then, dear daughter, if you're not too young
Slapoon
Oh, then, dear daughter, if you're not too young,
Slapoon,
Oh, then, dear daughter, if you're not too young,
Just pull up your dress and let him go on,
Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Heimen go Fadle.

SLAPOON (2)

Oh, see, Dear Mutter, he's into me now,
Slapoon

Oh, see, Dear Mutter, he's into me now,
Slapoon,

Oh, see, Dear Mutter, he's into me now,
Like Solomon's bull had it into the cow,
Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Heimen go Fadle.

Six months come - nine months did pass
Slapoon

Six Months come - nine months did pass
Slapoon

Six months come - fine months did pass

A young Yankee soldier jumped out of her ass
Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Heimen go Fadle.
Slapoon.

You're ~~not~~ the army now
You're not behind the plane
You'll never get with
You ~~can't~~ ^{watch} the army now
You're in the army now

This looks like it must have come over with the A.E.F.
Snapooder, Snapeeder.

A soldier came over from Rhine, Snapoo!

Snapoo!

He stopped at a tavern to buy him some wine.

Cho.-

Snapooder, Snapeeder; folango fester,

Charcoal and saltpetre; asshole, fartless heater-

Snapoo!!

"Oh, Tavern Keeper, Your daughter looks fine,

Snapoo!

She ought to be fucked by a soldier from Rhine."

"Oh no, Fine Soldier, she's much too young,

Snapoo!

You'd puncture her belly and ruin her bung."

"Oh, no, Father, I'm not too young,

Snapoo!

I've stood it three fingers clear up to the thumb.

"Oh, Father, he's on me now,

Snapoo!

He fucks just like the bull on the cow."

"Oh, Father, He's biting my teats,

Snapoo!

It feels so good it gives me the shits."

Snapooder Snapeeder, 2

Oh, Father, I'm all of a quiver!

Snapoo!

He's knocked my shit-bag clear over my liver."

Six months of the year went by,

Snapoo!

And her apron strings they would not tie.

When nine months of the year had passed,

Snapoo!

A little Dutch soldier hopped put of her ass.

Squad right, squad left,
 Right-front into line;
 Hurry up, you son of-a-b—,
 Or you'll get double time.

Sam, Sam, the lavatory man,
 He hangs around the crapping can;
 He hands out the soap, and he hands out the towels,
 And he listens to the rumble of the other fellow's bowels.

time - Ach, du Lieber Augustin.

[asc-end-up]

See the angels ascend up, ascend up, ascend up,

See the angels ascend up, Ascend on high.

Ascend up, which end up, Ascend up, which end up.

See the angels ascend up, Ascend on high.

time - Battle Hymn of the Republic.

One grasshopper jumped upon another grasshopper's back,

" " " " " " " "

and " " " " " " " "

(Chs. -)

They were only, only, fooling.

" " " " " "

" " " " " "

When one grasshopper jumped upon another
grasshopper's back.

(Then two, then three, etc.)

Another collegiate song from the U. of California, to the tune of "I'm a roving wreck of poverty."

Oh, Harvard's run by Princeton,
 And Princeton's run by Yale,
~~And~~ Yale is run by Vassar,
 And Vassar's run by tail.
 Oh, Stamford's run by stud-horse piss,
 They make it there by hand-
 Oh! the masturbating, fornicating
 Cardinals be damned!

Cho.

The Cardinals be damned, boys,

The Cardinals be damned!

The Cardinals be damned, boys,

The cardinals be damned!

To hell with dirty Stamford,

God damn her stinking soul!

Oh, She can come right up to Berkeley,

And kiss the bear's arse-hole.

If I had a girl. lads,

I'd dress her up in red,

And send her down to Stamford

To lose her maidenhead,

But if I had a boy, lads,

I'd send him to the U.

And he'd shout "To hell with Stamford!"

Like his daddy used to do.

Cho.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBO

In Fourteen hundred and ninety two

A ginny from Italy

Strode up the streets of old Genoa

Yelling "Hot tamale!"

Cho.-

He swore the World was round-o,

His balls hung to the ground-o;

That masturbating sonovabitch

With the syph and the clapp and the seven year itch,

Christopher Columbo!

He took his plans to Ferdinand,

That monarch fat and lazy,

Says Ferdinand, "To hell with him,

The Goddam Wop is crazy!"

So he went forthwith to see the queen,

Saying "Give me ships and cargo,

And I'll be a blighted sonovabitch

If I don't bring back Chicago!"

Says Isabel, "I see a chance

To gratify the passion,

That I've conceived for this blooming Wop

In truly Spanish fashion."

Christopher Calumbo, 2

They met at eight at the garden gate,

Columbo scarcely knew her,

But he laid her flat upon her back

And threw a fuck into her.

The Queen put all her jewels in hock

To get Columbo started.

She shed salt tears upon the dock,

Columbo merely farted.

A week or more from the Spanish shore

They heard a frightful wailing,

They found Columbo on the bridge

With his teeth sunk in the railing.

Columbo was a sonovabitch,

And he came from old Genoa.

He caught the clapp from Isabel

The famous Spanish whore.

Now doctors on this Goddam ship

Were few and far from many.

There was only one old quack on board,

And he went by name of Bennis.

Christopher Columbo.3

Old Bennie knew a thing or two,
His smile was calm and placid,
He filled Columbo's penis up
With hot sulphuric acid.

For ninety days and ninety nights
They sailed the broad Atlantic,
Untill at last for a piece of ass
The sailors were quite frantic.

When a man got ver' ver' bad
The tied him to the mast-pole,
And Columbo bared his good right arm
And shoved it up his ass-hole.

Columbo had a cabin boy ^{one}
Who loved him like a brother,
And every night at half past twelve
They would leap on one another.

For ninety days and ninety nights
They sailed in search of booty,
Till upon a shore they spied a whore-
by Gawd! she was a beauty!

Christopher Columbo 4

The sailors leaped into the surf,
Shedding shirts and collars,
In fifteen minutes by the clock
She made ten thousand dollars.

Columbo chased a nut brown maid
Who resented his advances,
Till he ran her up a cocoa palm,
And fucked her in the branches.

For seven hours they kept it up,
And made a wild commotion.
The cocoanuts were shaken loose
And fell into the ocean.

This Island maid was very sweet,
But her revenge was sweeter,
Columbo got a dose of syph,
With chancre on his peter.

Soon he journeyed back to Spain
Where he was needed sorely,
For the Queen with a length of beam
Was masturbating hourly.

Christopher Columbo. 5

He laid the New World at her feet,
But gave her greater rapture
When he laid her down upon the rug,
And set about to scratch her.

It took a whole night's labor
To satisfy her passion,
And he filled her up with syphilis
In thorogping fashion.

So he got his knockers taken off,
And they dyed his pecker yellow
For being a dirty sonovabitch
And dosing Isabella.

CRISTOFO COLUMBO.

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, a Dago from Italee,
Was walking on the streets of Spain, selling hot tamalee.
He went up to the Queen of Spain; said "Give me ships and cargo
And I'll be a cock-eyed sone of a bitch if I don't bring
you back, Chicago."

For he knew the world was round-o
And land it could be found-o
This masturbating, fornicating
Cristofo Columbo.

Now in the town of Madrid, the clapsters were not many,
And the very best clapster in the town was a God-damned Jew
Columbo he did go to him, with ^{a smile both} countenance calm and placid,
And Benny filled his peter up - with muriatic acid.

For he knew the world was round-o
And land it could be found-o
This navigating, virgin-hating Christofo Columbo.

Fourteen days upon the deep, Columbo he got rooty,
He ~~spread his peter to the breeze~~ ^{placed his peter in his dishe} and said "Ain't that a beauty,"
The first mate thumbed his nose at him and hid behind the mast pole,
Columbo grabbed the cabin-boy and jammed it up his ass-hole.

For he knew the world was round-o
And land it could be found-o
This masturbating, fornicating
Cristofo Columbo.

Columbo had a one-eyed mate, he loved him like a brother,
They used to go down in the hold and lay on one another!
The sailors were a whorry crew, they buggered anybody -
Columbo said that was the way that they all kept so ruddy.

For he knew the world was round-o
And land it could be found-o
That navigating, sailor-baiting,
Son-of-a-bitch Columbo.

And when they hove in sight of land, all were intent on booty
A whore stood ~~up~~ upon the sand, Great Christ! she was a beauty.
The sailors plunged into the deep, shedding coats and collars,
In ~~less~~ ^{less} than minutes, by the clock, she made nine hundred dollars.

For he knew the world was round-o
And land it could be found-o
That masturbating, fornicating,
Cristofo Columbo.

*But upon the shore
there stood a
whore*

Columbo he did get last whack, his cock was red and fiery,
He started back into his ship, to write it in his diary,
A mighty shout arose on board "All hands, come weigh the anchor"
Columbo couldn't move a step - his balls were full of chancre.

Oh, his balls were large and round-o
His cock hung to the ground-o
This masturbating, fornicating
Son of a bitch, Columbo.

Christopher Columbo, he sailed the whole
world round,
That masturbating, fornicating, son of a bitch
Columbo

He knew the world was round
and America could be found

CHRISTOFO COLUMBO.

'Twas in fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
Columbo, he departed,
Isabelle wept a peck of tears,
Columbo merely farted.

* —————>

The ship was ninety days at sea,
Columbo, he felt rooky,
His cock stood at attention, for
It heard the call to duty.

He took the good old whanger out
And laid it on the deck,
The first mate stumbled over it
And damned near broke his neck.

As he lay there on the quarter-deck,
Close to the forward masthole,
Columbo gave his cock a twitch,
And shoved it up his ass-hole.

"Oh, spare me, sire!" the first mate cried,
"And I will give my daughter."
"Bring on the bitch" bold Chris replied,
"Or I will give no quarter."

The maiden fled across the deck,
The villian he pursued her,
Some white of egg ran down her leg,
The son of a bitch had screwed her.

* Columbus sailed + sailed along
Across the rough Atlantic
And when he found there was no tail
It almost drove him frantic.

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
The good queen Isabella
She hawked her jewels and sold her crown
To help her Guinea fella.

Version v
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two a guinean from Italee
stalked round the streets of old Madrid yelling "Hot tamale"
He took his plans to Ferdinand, that monarch fat and large
Says Ferdinand, "to hell with him, the goddam wop is crazy"

So he went forth with to see the Queen, this dago from Genoa,
And in love he fell with Isabel, that noted Spanish ~~whore~~ where he
The disposition of this maid was anything but sainted
The orifice between her legs was very badly tainted.

He said unto the Queen of Spain, "you give me ship + cargo
And I'm a goddam son of a bitch, if I don't bring back Chicago."
Says Isabel, "I see a chance to gratify the passion
That I've conceived for this here wop, in truly Spanish fashion."

They met at eight at the garden gate, Columbus scarcely knew her,
But he laid her flat upon her back and tossed a fuck into her.
The Queen put all her jewels in hock to get Columbus started
She shed salt tears upon the dock; Columbus merely farted.

A week or more from the Spanish shore they heard a frightful
They found Columbus on the bridge with his ^{wailing} teeth sunk in the railing
At last he got so very, very bad that he could only roar
"I've caught the clap from Isabel, the dirty Spanish whore."

Now doctors on this lousy ship were very far from many
The only quack they had on board was a little shit named Benny
But Benny knew a thing or two, his smile was calm + placid
As he filled Columbus's pecker up with muriatic acid

They
Columbo sailed + sailed ^{sailed} along across the rough Atlantic
But when ~~he~~ ^{they} found there was no tail it almost drove ~~them~~ ^{frantic}

And after several weeks at sea Columbo grew so rusty
His cock stood at attention as it felt the call of duty.

He took his good old whanger out and laid it on the deck
The first mate stumbled over it and damned near broke his
neck

As he lay there on the quarter deck close to the forward
masthole

Columbo gave his cock a twitch and shoved it up his ass-hole.

"Oh, spare me, sire!" the first mate cried, "and I'll give you my
daughter!"

"Bring on the bitch" bled Chris replied, "or I will give no quarter"
The maiden fled across the deck, the villain he pursued her,
Some white of an egg ran down her leg, the son of a bitch had
screwed her.

Upon the ship they had a monk, the monkey's name was Tumbo,
And all hands used to bugger him, especially Columbo
The first mate swore, the first mate tore, and then the first
mate cried.
"You fucka my monk, my little monk; and now my monkey's
died."

For ninety days + ninety nights they sailed in search of booty
Till on a shore they spied a whore, my God, she was a beauty
The sailors leaped into the surf, shedding shirts + collars.
In fifteen minutes by the clock she made ten thousand dollars.

Columbo chased a nut brown maid who resented his advances
Till he ran her up a cocoa palm and fucked her in the
branches.
For seven hours they kept it up and made a wild commotion,
The coconuts were shaken loose + fell into the ocean.

This island maid was very sweet, but her revenge was sweeter,
Columbo got a dose of syph, with chances on his petar.
So then he journeyed back to Spain where he was needed
For there the Queen, with a lengthy ^{sorely} beam, was masturbating
hourly.

He laid the New World at her feet but gave her greater
when he laid her down upon the rug + set about to
rape her.
It took a whole night's labor to satisfy her passion
And he filled her up with syphilis in thorough-
going fashion.

British Grenadier

3

Some die of drinking whiskey.

Some die of drinking beer.

Some die of the diabetis,

And some of the diarrhea.

~~But all the whole world over~~

~~There's nothing half so sure~~

As the drip drip drip,

And the drop drop drop

Of the God damned gonorrhea.

###

Put on your old rubber bonnet,

With some vaseline upon it,

For you cannot have it any other way.

For it wouldn't do a lady

To have a little baby

A week before her wedding day.

###

We are from Troop I, from Troop I are we.

We ride together, bare arssed and free

God Damn It!!

We're from Lake Erie, We should be weary-

Troop I from Buffalo!

###

There was a young man from Australia,

Who, painted his arse like a dahlia.

They viewed th bright flower

In delight by the hour,

But they say that the scent was a failure.

✓
But of all the dead diseases
There is none that I so fear

~~There's nothing I so fear~~

Put on your old cap
Bustle

add to
we go to
college

add to parodies

Oh Mr. Gallagher, Oh Mr. Gallagher I see your little Nell is fond of pets.

She has a rabbit and a dog

A turtle and a frog,

And two cockatoos that know their alphabets.

Oh Mr. Sheen, Oh Mr. Sheen, Her choicest pet I think you've never seen.

She keeps it out of sight,

But lets me play with it at night-

-A Persian kitten, Mr. Gallagher?

-Just plain pussy, Mr. Sheen.

Oh Mr. Gallagher, oh Mr. Gallagher, I love to fish the brooks for perch
and trout.

This sylvan solitude

Does my poet's nature good.

I feel inclined to dance around and shout.

Oh Mr. Sheen, oh Mr. Sheen, Keep quiet, for a funny thing I've seen.

A man sitting in the sand,

A long pole in his hand-

- Bait casting, Mr. Gallagher?

-Hasturbing, Mr. Sheen.

Oh Mr. Gallagher, oh Mr. Gallagher, Your sweetie called last night upon
The phone.

Said she felt inclined to play,

But her husband was away,

And she was very lonesome all alone.

Oh Mr. Sheen, oh Mr. Sheen, I hurried off to cheer my darling queen.

I had a lot of power,

And came in half an hour-

1912

Ed Gallagher
al Sheen

21 May 1912
Jillies
of R22

In your speedster, Mr Gallagher!

- On her sofa, Mr. Sheen!

Oh Mr. Gallagher, oh Mr. Gallagher, The country surely is a lovely place.

The air so fresh and pure,

The maidens all demure,

And everyone presents a smiling face.

Oh Mr. Sheen, Oh Mr. Sheen, I spent a Summer once where fields were green.

The Farmer's name was Water,

And he had a charming daughter-

Do any farming, Mr Gallagher?

-Only plowing, Mr. Sheen.

##

An Adaption of Carolina in the Morning.

Once I met a fella,

And his testicles were yella,

In the morning.

I says most emphatic

"You're looking too gysmatic,

In the morning.

It is too late for screwing,

You masturbate, I see.

What you have been doing,

Doesn't appeal to me."

He Says, " There are things finer
Than a juicy tight vagina,

In the morning.

For the cunt that softly squeezes

Brings disaster and diseases,

In the morning.

But the greatest pleasure

That a fellow can get,

Is to wake up and find

his dreams have been wet.
That ~~his sheets are damp.~~

In the evening I was dreaming,

And my bed was full of semen,

In the morning!

cross

A Hanover flapper named Ida
Swore that no student could ride-a
But at a fraternity dance
She fell in a trance.

Now her twat-hole is two inches wide.

!!!!!!

There was a girl of Memphis Tenn.,
Who frigged herself with a fountain pen.

The cap came off, The ink ran wild,
She was brot to bed with a negro child.

& & &

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Twas there that she gave it to me.

Syphilis and clapp.

Bubu mayhap,

Crab lice and dirty chancres.

In the shade of the old apple tree
There will be no more fucking for me.

With the palm of my hand

I'll know pleasure grand,

In the shade of the old apple tree.

() () ()

time - Silver Threads among the Gold. ✓

Darling, let me tie your garter,
Up above your snow white knee;
And if my hand should stray up farther,
Darling, don't get sore at me.

The down girl leads a sloppy life,
She eats potatoes with her knife;
And when she takes her annual scrub,
She leaves the water in the tub.

MY LITTLE GRAY BED.

(Parody on "My Little Gray Home in the West.")

In my little gray bed at the Ritz,
Why, I throw all the men into fits.
We have cocktails at four
And at six we have more,
And then they see things that they ne'er saw before.
If you like, come to seven-o-four,
Don't knock, just push open the door.
Oh, the men may come strong
But they never last long
In my little gray bed at the Ritz.

PARODY.

[p 281]

("When You Wore a Tulip, and I Wore a Rose")

If you'll wear a condom,
A big rubber condom,
I'll take off my B. V. D.'s,
You can caress me,
You can undress me,
You can go as far as you please.
Play with it, dearie,
And make it feel cheery,
It's down where the short hair grows.
You can come round on Sunday
And stay until Monday,
If you'll wear that big rubber hose.

PARODY.

(Cavalier Song in the "Merry Widow")

Dainty little horse manure,
Ninety-nine per cent it's pure;
Dainty little turdies,
Food for all the birdies,
Dainty little horse manure.

--Dartmouth Song.

Canfield

Turkey in the Straw, 2

3 ~~2~~ Verse

I went down town to buy a penny drum,

Knocked on the door and nobody come.

So I picked up a brick and broke the glass,

Out come the Devil a-sliding on his ass.

4 ~~3~~ Verse

The Devil shit a monkey and the monkey shit a flea,

The flea shit a sailor and they all went to sea.

The sea began to roar, the piss began to pour,

The sailor got a hard on, and couldn't get ashore.

5 ~~4~~ Verse

Oh, here's to Sally, who's a Goddam whore,

She wipes her ass on the knob of the door.

6

The moon shone bright on the end of her teat,

And she brushed her teeth with blue-jay shit.

7 ~~6~~ Verse

Oh, she rolled over once, and she rolled over twice,

And she rolled over three times, Jesus Christ!

The hairs on her coozie were strawberry colored,

And the fleas up her ass were fucking one another.

8 ~~7~~ Verse

Here's to the Kaiser, the son of a bitch, may he die of the pox

May he die of the pox and the seven year's itch,

Turkey in the Straw, 2.

We'll batter his balls with a seven pound hammer
Till his ass-hole whistles the Star Spangled Banner.

of the Vene,

The old man sat on the barbed wire fence
Screwing up his nuts with a monkey wrench,

The grass grew up and tickled his balls

The grass grew up and tickled his balls
And his gun went off in his over-alls.

of the James. Sordine used a chair.

Fill up the bowl, Boys, fill up the bowl,
And drink to the dean, God damn his spul!

We'll all be there when he calls the roll,
For we're all going to Heaven up the Dean's ass-hole.

Latest college game.

"Button! Button! Here comes the chaperone!"

Latest song.

"She sits on his lap, and bawls."

National flower of diabetes.

Sweetpea.

The height of disappointment.

A cow who backs up to a Bull Durham sign, thinking it is a filling station.

###

~~Oh! the cat couldn't kitten, and the dog couldn't pup.~~

~~And the old man couldn't get his proposition up,~~
And the first lady forward and the second lady back,

Oh! the cat couldn't kitten, and the dog couldn't pup,

And the old man couldn't get his proposition up.

Oh! the first lady forward and the second lady back,

And the third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

Swing yer partner! Grease yer pole!

Go to Hell, God damn yer soul!

Oh the first lady forward and the second lady back,

And the third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

###

Part of a negro rhyme.

Coffee in the pot. Sugar in the bowl.

Pappy's mad at mammy. She won't jelly-roll.

Biscuits in the oven, getting nice and brown.

Pappy's in the orchard, chasing mammy round.

###

Difference between man with 9 children and the Chicago Limited.

Ans. The Chicago Limited pulls out on time.

Tinder in the
stew

Time : _____

To be used for Virginia Reel or Square Dances

—————>

First lady forward, second lady pass
Third ladies' finger up the fourth ladies ass
Ladies with the bad breaths balance to the wall
Go to Hell, go to Hell
God damn you all

—————

First lady backward, second lady front
Third ladies' finger up the fourth ladies cunt
Ladies with the monthly balance to the wall
Go to Hell etc etc

(To the tune of The Girl I Left Behind Me.)

Oh, She stood right there, in the moonlight bare,
While I undid her nighty.
The moonlight lit on the end of her tit,
By Jesus Christ Almighty.

Oh, she jumped into bed, pulled the covers o'er her head,
And swore I couldn't find her.
I knew damned well she lied like hell,
So I jumped right in behind her.

Oh!

She stood stock still

On the crest of the hill,

And the wind blew up her nightie;

And the ~~night~~ ~~lit~~

On the nipple of her tit,

Je-sus Christ, Almighty.

Oh!

She jumped in bed

And covered up her head,

And swore I could not find her;

But I knew damn well,

She lied like hell,

So I jumped right in behind her/.

###

Oh, she riddled and she diddled, and she shat on the floor,
And she wiped her arse on the ^Knob of the door,

And the moon shown down on the end of her tit,
And she brushed her teeth with blue-bird shit.

###

~~untitled~~
A song entitled-

"It may have been hard for his first four wives,
but its awfully soft for me."

Camfield

THE SWIMMERS.

steal

There was an old man at ^{Boston} Brighton last year,
Whose hobby was swimming around the Pier,
He dove and he swam way out to the rock,
And amused all the ladies by shaking his
Fist at the copper who stood on the shore,
The very same copper who pulled him before.

They pursued in ^{dirty} small boats, but were unable to pass
For the thrifty old rascal would then show his
Wondrous manoeuvres in swimming so fine,
His wonderful muscles before and behind.

^{frog} This man had a sister at Brighton last year,
Whose hobby was swimming around the same pier.
She dove like a dog and swam like a duck
And showed by her motions she knew how to
Frolic in water quite up to her chin,
And not be drowned as so many have been.

Her suit of blue serge was the finest of fits,
And showed to advantage the swell of her
Tidy contour from her head to her feet,
'Twas just the right thing and exceedingly neat.

When tired of swimming, for shells she would hunt,
And go through the motions of washing her
Clothes in the ocean so deep and so blue,
Thinking thereby she would make them look new.

When tired of swimming, for shore she would start,
And enjoy the strange pleasure of letting a
Fresh swell roll over her dainty toes
And wash the sand from off her hose.

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,
Watching the little boy play with his
Marbles and cronies in the springtime of yore,
When his little companion was a great big fat
Decent young lady, who sat on the grass
And when she rolled over, showed the shape of her
Shoes and her stockings, which fitted her like a duck
She said she was learning a new way to
Bring up her children and teach them to knit
While the boy in the pasture was taking a
Pretty little girlie down to the crick
Where he said her would show her the length of his
Rowboat, which was anchored down by the falls,
On the way down he slipped and he injured his
Finger and he cursed like a Jew.
He wished he had a gun with which he could hunt
And started out on the trail of a
Rabbit, which bounded away over the sod,
You may think this is bull-shit, but it isn't, by God.

Close to

Immolalia

text

Teasing Song

One day I was sunning myself on the beach
and admired the form of a wonderful peach,
she dived, & she rolled & she swam
like a duck
and she showed by her motions that she knew how to
swim ⁱⁿ water way up to her chin
This she never was drowned as others had been.
and whenever in front of rock she would run
I admired the shape of her wonderful —
swimming etc.

and whenever I got a good view of her front,
I ^{admired} ~~was struck~~ once more her wonderful —
swim etc. etc. etc.

x x x x x
And whenever I think of this girl in a dream
I always wake up half smothered in —
In great big waves way up to my chin
I ~~am~~ ^{am} nearly ~~was~~ drowned as others have been.

Here's to the Kaiser the son of a bitch
May he die of the pox + the 7 year itch
We'll batter his balls with a 7 lb hammer
Till his asshole whistles the Star Spangled Banner

The old man sat on the barbed wire fence
Screwing up his nuts with a monkey wrench ^{Chorus}

The grass grew up + tickled his balls
And his gun went off in his overalls ^{Chorus}

Fill up the bowl, boys, fill up the bowl
And drink to the Deans, god damn his soul
We'll all be there when he sell the roll
For we're all going to Heaven, my the Deans asshole

// to her

5/10/68

10/10/68

10/10/68

Daughter Venus

I'm sending you a token
of the whipstock that was broken
+ the foot prints on the dashboard
+ the spots upon the cushion
upside down
where someone's been a pushin'
+ my daughter Venus has not
come around -

I'm the guy that did the pushin'
left the spots upon the cushion
+ the foot prints on the dash board
upside down x

Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I'd never seen your
god-damned town

10/10/68

1926

5/10/68

Douglas-Gould

+ Hummer

parody

The Gay Cavaliero

Oh! I am a gay cavaliero
I live by the Rio de Janeiro
And the pride of my life
Is my long tra-la-la
My long tra-la-la-la-la-
la-la!

I met a fair senieorita,
I layed her upon the sofita
And ran in the length
Of my long tra-la-la
My long tra-la-la-la-la-
la-la!

God damn! that fair senieorita!
She gave me the roaring clapsita.
And stunted the grow
of my long tra-la-la
etc.

Gay Cavaleiro #2

I went to a ce medicano.

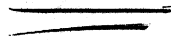
I showed him my clappy banano,
And he cut off the end
of my long tra-la-la
etc.

I now have a little stubpeta

I use it whenever I meet her.

But I can't have the fun
with my short little whang.

That I had with my long tra-la-la.



THE GAY CAVALLERIO.

There once lived a gay young Lothario,
Who dwelt in a far-off castillio;
Who was stuck on his tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

One night he went to the theatrio,
And met there a charming senorio,
He showed her his tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

"Disgusting" cried out the senorio,
"For I am the Virgin Clarissio,
I've no use for your tra-la-la-lillio
Or the works of your tweedle-dum-dee."

He took her to his castillio,
And laid her upon a soft pillio,
And he showed her his tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

"Delightful" cried out the senorio,
"Though I am the virgin Clarissio,
I am stuck on your tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of your tweedle-dum-dee."

Then he went to see the doctorio,
Who said "You've got the siffilio,
In your handsome tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of your tweedle-dum-dee."

Now he sits in his far-off castillio,
With a handful of cotton battilio,
Swabbing off his tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of his teedle-dum-dee.

Combine both versions

Those mountaineers have hairy ears
They piss thru leather britches
They bang their cocks against the rocks
They're hardy sons of bitches.

Those mountaineers they give 3 cheers
For hell + all its trifles
They hang their balls upon the walls
And pepper them with rifles

" " they hump like steers
They'll shag a yawning chasm
They flop their nuts against their butts
And shoot a mean orgasm

" " they love their beers
And quaff one every minute
They drain their jocks in big stone crocks
And wash their faces in it.

" " they shed no tears
They're full of quips + jokes
They poop foul gas from out their ass
To cool their iron ballicks

Those mountaineers can shift their gears
And shit in all directions
They wipe their ass on broken glass
Or on their proud erections.

Those mts with hoots & jeers
Bewail a cruel nation
They jab their tools in army mules
In abandoned masturbation

" " they have no fears
Of crab infested niches
They scratch their pricks with sandy bricks
When annoyed by lousy itches.

Nigger Blues (5)
I dreamt last night & the night before
That the devil was a knocking on the slit house door.

I went down stairs to let him in
And he cracked my ass with his rolling pin.

I ran upstairs to crawl into bed
And fell in the piss pot over my head.

(Turkey in the
straw)

I couldn't swim & I couldn't float
And a great big bird slid down my throat

I went down town to buy a penny drum
Knocked on the door & nobody, some chorus.
Then I picked up a brick & broke the glass
Out came the Devil a sliding on his ass.

The Devil shit a monkey & the monkey shit a flea
The flea shit a sailor & they all went to sea — chorus
The sea began to roar, the piss began to pour
The sailor got a hard on, & couldn't get ashore.

Oh, here's to Sally, who's a goddam whore
She wipes her ass on the knob of the door
The moon shone bright on the end of her tit — chorus
And she brushed her teeth with blue jay shit.

Oh she rolled over once & she rolled over twice
And she rolled over 3 times Jesus Christ
The hairs on her coozie were strawberry color
And the fleas up her ass were fucking one another

Nigger Blues ✓
CHICAGO BLUES.

[Hesitation Blues]

Fire in the mountain, ^{water in the pail} snake in the grass
I'm mighty rooty for a piece of ~~ass~~ ^{tail}
O, tell me, how long ~~must~~ ^{have} I wait?
Can I ~~get~~ ^{have} you now, or must I hesitate?

have I got to wait

Whiskey by the bottle, coffee by the pound,
Can't lay up a nickel for whorl around.
O, tell me, how long must I wait?
Can I ~~get~~ ^{have} you now or must I hesitate?

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
If women don't get you, liquor must.
O, Tell me, how long must I wait?
Can I ~~get~~ ^{have} you now or must I hesitate?

Honey for breakfast, and honey for tea,
But honey in bed is what appeals to me.
O, tell me, how long must I wait?
Can I ~~get~~ ^{have} you now or must I hesitate?

Belly to belly, and skin to skin,
Two things a-rubbin' and one goin' in.
O, tell me, how long must I wait?
Can I ~~get~~ ^{have} you now or must I hesitate?

Ridin' in the saddle, givin' her the gourd,
Diggin' in the short rows, Ah, My Lord.
O, tell me, how long must I wait?
Can I get you now or must I hesitate?

I ain't no jockey, nor a jockey's son,
But I'll do your easy-riding till the jockey comes.
Chorus —

I ain't no iceman, nor an iceman's son
But I'll fill you boy until the iceman comes.
Chorus —

And so on through countless occupations.

Nigger Blues. 2

Ashes to ashes,
And dust to dust,
If it wasn't for our ass-holes
Our bellies would bust.

OK

Belly to belly,
With my ass-hole to the sun,
Gotta swing a mean prick
To make my baby come.

I pushed her back
Against the wall,
And her coozie flew open
Like a red parasol.

Takes a barrel of water
To make an engine run,
Takes a baby elephant
To make my sweety come.

A nickle's worth of cold cream,
A dime's worth of lard,
Vaseline your coozie
Till my cock gets hard.

Was belly to belly
When I jumped and I farted
And that's how the trouble
All got started.

~~Filled her full of gizm
Right up to her chin
And now we got twins.~~

Filled her full of gizm
Right up to her chin.
First we had triplets
And now we got twins.

If I had a woman
And she wouldn't fuck,
I'd knock out her teeth
And make her suck.

Down in the barnyard
Saw a cow eating hay.
Saw the cow's sweet daddy
And went away.

You got the jelly
An' I got the roll,
Let's put 'em together
And make sweet jelly-roll.

*Chorus after all
verse*

Nigger Blues, 3

There's two kinds of people
I can't understand,
That's the cock-suckin woman
And the cunt-lapping man.

If my body's a church
And my pecker's the steeple,
I'll hang by my balls
To accomodate the people.

Oh, I aint the lieutenant,
Nor the lieutenant's son,
But I'll handle your privates
Till the lieutenant comes.

Oh, ~~I'm not the~~ ^{I ain't no} iceman,
Nor ~~the~~ ^{an} iceman's son,
But I ~~can~~ ^{will} fill up your box
Till the iceman comes.

Oh, I aint the admiral,
Nor the admiral's son,
But I can give you semen
Till the admiral comes.

Oh, I aint a korman,
Nor a korman's son,
But wheb it comes to booty,
I'm a second Brigham Young.

Mamma runs a whore house,
Papa tends the door,
Little brother Willie
Licks the gizm off the floor.

Mother's on the poor farm, Father's in the jail,
Brother runs a cat house,
And Sister peddles tail.

Mother takes in washing,
Papa drives a hack,
Brother sells bootleg,
And Baby pulls his jack.

Mother's in the hospital,
Father's in the jail,
Sister's in Boston, ^{a whorehouse}
Where she has it for sale.

There's snakes on the mountain,
And eels in the sea,
^{But} Was a red headed woman
Made a wreck out of me.

*Place in
Nigger Blues 4*

*I ain't no jockey, no jockey's son
But I'll do your easy riding
till the jockey comes*

I
Nigger Blues. ~~ad infinitum~~ *pk*

Ashes to ashes
And dust to dust,
If I don't get some booty
My pecker will rust.

Cho.

Can I hurry?
Oh, Honey, HOW long
Have I gotta wait?
~~Do I~~ get it now,
Or must I hesitate?

Belly to belly
And chin to chin,
Open up your legs
And let your daddy in.

Money is money,
I love it somehow.
Booty is booty
If it's hung on a cow.

A fist full of teats
And a mouth full of tongue,
Takes a long peckered daddy
To make his baby come.

Belly to belly
And skin to skin,
Old maids try fuckin',
But nothin goes in.

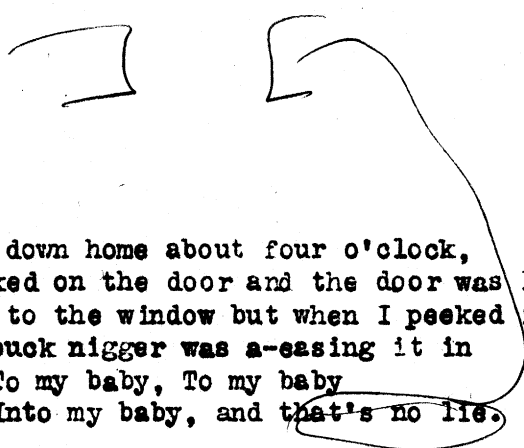
Baby, stop yo bawlin,
Honey, hush yo cryin,
Daddy's got a peter
Measures three by nine..

Old fashioned fuckin
's a thing of th' past.
If ya wanna keep yer sweetie,
Y' gotta kiss 'er ass.


A bowl full of sugar,
A spoonful of salt,
If I don't get my booty
It's my own damn fault.

If all the booty
Was across th' sea,
It's a damn fine swimmer
I'd surely be.

If the ocean was whiskey,
And I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom
And never come up.



I went down home about four o'clock,
I knocked on the door and the door was locked;
I went to the window but when I peeked in
A big buck nigger was a-easing it in
To my baby, To my baby
Into my baby, and that's no lie.



Baby, baby, have you forgot
The night I humped you in the vacant lot?
I backed your ass up against the fence
And you've been taking it ever since.
That's no lie, baby, that's no lie, babe,
You've been taking it, that's no lie.

Nigger Blues I
LONESOME MAN.
(Southern Mountain Song)

Apples in the cupboard,
Peaches on the shelf,
I'm damned tired
Of sleeping by myself. *oh how*

Chorus here →

Birds on the mountain
Fishes in the sea,
Takes a big-legged woman,
To make a fool of me:

→
Possums in the high wood,
Rabbits on the flat,
My cock's a-stickin' out
For a place to hang my hat.

In hell is the Devil,
And in Heaven, God,
Jesus Christ knows I need
Some tallow on my rod.

→
Coons in the cornfield,
On the ridge is deer,
Old woman came by,
→ Hadn't fucked in forty year.

Yaller birds is yaller,
Black birds is black,
Little girl came by,
Warn't old enough to crack.

→
Laurel on the mountain,
On the bottom is grass,
I'll catch me a tom-cat
Run my pecker up his ass.

Oh, mountaineers
Have shaggy ears
They diddle not with trifles
They hang their balls
On canyon walls
+ shoot at them with rifles.

(1)

They pound their cocks ~~upon~~
upon the rocks

These hardy sons of bitches

They wipe their ass
With broken glass
And care not if it itches

When tail is rare
They rape the bear
And tie her in half hitches

No hesitate
To masturbate
Within their leather bitches

over

They use their picks
For vaulting sticks
In crossing muddy ditches

(2)

They fuck their wives
With carving knives
And flog their teats with switches

They brew their booze
From boots + shoes,
A drink they seem to relish
They shave their jaws

With crosscut saws
Which makes them look quite
hellish

They always throw their
Their balls, you know,
At women + at babies

They're full of snot
And other rot
And covered o'er with scabies

From dark till dawn
With one bone on
They finish their clapping benches
From dawn till dark
They heat their bark
And screw knot-holes in benches.

With lumber tools^x
They flail their mules
+ warm their offsprings' butches
With stiffened coxes
They pry up rocks
+ boost Fords out of ditches^x

The mt. lass ~~is full of~~
Is full of pash
They crack nuts in their snatches
They love to screw
an hon or two
Bare-ass in bramble patches

The mt. twat (is boiling hot
It covers prick with blisters

A stranger once
Tried lapping aunts
+ cringed off all his whiskers.

These hardy aunts
Use double shunts
+ mighty heaves + passes
That pull the pricks
Of common kicks
+ set them on their asses.

They ne'er despair
When prick is rare
But fig themselves with aunts
On mount a jack
Upon their back
Which gives them lots of practice

4

SHE BLEW!

The engineer was at the throttle,
She blew, she blew.
The engineer was at the throttle,
She blew, she blew.
The engineer was at the throttle,
Jerking off in a whiskey bottle,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch she blew.

The fireman he was shoveling coal,
She blew, she blew.
The fireman he was shoveling coal,
She blew, she blew.
The fireman he was shoveling coal,
A red-hot cinder flew up his ass-hole,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The brakeman was a-cleaning the lamps,
She blew, she blew.
The brakeman was a-cleaning the lamps,
She blew, she blew,
The brakeman was a-cleaning the lamps,
And all of a sudden he shit in his pants,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The switchman forgot to turn the switch,
She blew, she blew,
The switchman forgot to turn the switch,
She blew, she blew.
The switchman forgot to turn the switch,
And the train ran over the son of a bitch,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The porter was making up a berth,
She blew, she blew,
The porter was making up a berth,
She blew, she blew.
The porter was making up a berth,
Fucking a whore for all he was worth,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The mail man was sorting out the mail,
She blew, she blew,
The mail man was sorting out the mail,
She blew, she blew,
The mail man was sorting out the mail,
And tearing off a piece of tail,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The hobo he fell off the struts,
She blew, she blew,
The hobo he fell off the struts,
She blew, she blew,
The hobo he fell off the struts,
And 49 cars ran over his nuts,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The baggageman sitting on a truck,
She blew, she blew,
The baggageman sitting on a truck,
She blew, she blew,
The baggageman sitting on a truck,
He and his girl, playing stick-finger-up,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The conductor was sitting in the can,
She blew, she blew,
The conductor was sitting in the can,
She blew, she blew,
The conductor was sitting in the can,
And when he came out he was less of a man,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The agent was a lazy mick,
She blew, she blew,
The agent was a lazy mick,
She blew, she blew,
The agent was a lazy mick,
Stamped the checks with the end of his prick,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The president sat in his private car,
She blew, she blew,
The president sat in his private car,
She blew, she blew,
The president sat in his private car,
Squirting semen wide and far,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The secretary was a dirty cur,
She blew, she blew,
The secretary was a dirty cur,
She blew, she blew,
The secretary was a dirty cur,
He fucked the fair stenographer,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The dining car crew were all in a heap,
She blew, she blew,
The dining car crew were all in a heap,
She blew, she blew,
The dining car crew were all in a heap,
For tail was dear but ass was cheap,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The Newlyweds, in lower nine,
She blew, she blew,
The Newlyweds, in lower nine,
She blew, she blew,
The Newlyweds, in lower nine,
Were up to their necks in steaming brine,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The old lady sat in the Pullman car,
She blew, she blew,
The old lady sat in the Pullman car,
She blew, she blew,
The old lady sat in the Pullman car,
A-fucking herself with a coupling bar,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The drummer lay in the upper berth,
She blew, she blew,
The drummer lay in the upper berth,
She blew, she blew,
The drummer lay in the upper berth,
A-flogging his dummy for all he worth,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The engineer expected a wreck,
She blew, she blew,
The engineer expected a wreck,
She blew, she blew,
The engineer expected a wreck,
And he shit his pants clear up to the neck,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch, she blew.

The oldest
firmly dated version

This is oldest text recovered

Canfield

[The Winnipeg Whore]

My first trip up the Chippewa River
My first trip to the American shore
There I met a Miss O'Flannigan
Commonly known as the Winnipeg whore
Says she to me I think I know you
Slings your ass across my knee
"Well go up and do some shagging"
A dollar a half will be my fee

There were singing some were dancing
Some lay drunk upon the floor
I was over in the corner
Looking the blocks to the Winnipeg whore

She was fiddling I was diddling
Neither of us knew just what it was about
Till she grabbed my watch and pocketbook
"Holy Jesus" I cried out
I could not butches
I could see the pimp and the whores and the
Must have been a score or more
You'd have laughed till you shit your butches
To see my ass fly out that door

time - That little Red Red Shawl my Mother wore.

They were tattered, they were torn,
You could tell they had been worn,
Those little old red drawers that Maggie wore;
They were sagging at the top,
For a quarter they would drop,
Those little old red drawers that Maggie wore.

Aken
The Aken Strike song.

time - Revive Us Again.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum, bum,
Hallelujah, bum again;
Hallelujah, give us a hand-out,
And we'll strike again.

DOWN IN THE LEHIGH VALLEY.

ok

'Twas a stormy winter's evening,
And the boys were gathered round,
The glowing stove in Murphy's place
That was called the 'Hole in the Ground'.

When in there drifted a hobo,
A ragged and unkempt chap,
With the marks of dissipation,
Written all over his map.

"Don't stare at me, bartender,
I didn't shit on your seat,
I've just come down from the mountains,
With my balls all covered with gleet."

" 'Twas down in the Lehigh Valley,
My and my old pal, Lu,
We were pimps there for a whorehouse, *together*
And ~~was~~ god damn good ones too."

"I had a girl named Nellie,
She wasn't so awfully tough,
But I had a disease of the kidneys,
And couldn't give her enough."

Boston chicken

"When along came a city feller,
One of those oily-assed fiends,
The kind who'd stick his plunger,
In a dish of pork and beans."

"Bartender, he Frenched my Nellie -
He kissed it and stole her away -
That's what drove me to drink, boys,
And that's why I'm here today."

"So, give me a drink, bartender,
And I'll be on my way,
But for I'll catch the runt
What stole my cunt,
If it takes ^{my} till Judgment Day."

Judgement day.

Give me a drink, Bartender,

ok

Two stones I have in my pants.

Jesus Christ Almighty!

Can't you give a bum a chance!!

For I was once young and handsome,

Money to burn and good clothes,

ok

Till I took to lapping cunts,

And got chancres ~~on~~ my nose.

Twas down in the Lehigh Valley,

Me and my pal Lou.

ok

There we pimped for a whore house, -

And a God damned good one, too.

Twas there I met my Nellie.

ok

She had just turned twenty six,

And there wasn't a broad in the Valley

Who could beat her sucking pricks.

← verse A in preceding page
"she was the pride of the valley"

But along came a brass-band actor,

one of those oily assed fucks
And he stole my Nell away.

which was him rolling his budgeon in Boston
But I'll get the runt who stole my cunt

If it takes till Judgement Day!

Where they feed them on pork and beans

went here
←
verse B in preceding page

It's just a year gone by
 Since my Nell got taken wrong.
 He shoved it up her bung-hole,
 A place where it don't belong.

*in place of this verse
 but verse (C) of preceding version
 followed by verse D*

then
 Back to her mother's arms she flew,
 Back to her mother's teats,
 There she came down with the diarrhea,
 And died of the raving shits.

Shit! You should have seen it!
 By the steaming ton it flew.
 She flooded the Lehigh Valley,
 And we lived on diarrhea stew!

So give me a drink, Bartender,
 And I'll be on my way,
 And I'll get the runt who stole my cunt
 If it takes till Judgement Day!

~~####~~

Just a little nursery rhyme;

Oh, the cunt is a wonderful creature,
 It's covered all over with hair.
 It smells like a rotten tomato,
 And looks like the arse of a bear.

Let me sit down and rest stranger.
My balls are all covered with gleet,
Don't offer me sponge cake and ice cream,
I didn't shit on that seat.

It was down in the Lehigh valley,
Me and my brother Lew,
We were pimping for a flesh factory
And we were damn good ones too.

I got stuck on a bladder called Fanny,
And she whar clean out of sight,
She could fuck like a mink in the daytime
And suck to a finish at night.

It's the same old story stranger,
There came a city chap,
One of those oily assed fiends,
Who'd been rolling his bludgeon in Boston,
Where they feed them on pork and beans,
A { She was the pride of the valley
And a dandy flyer
But I, I had brights
disease in my kid-
neys
And couldn't satisfy
her.

B { He war the guy for my ^{nelly} ~~Fanny~~,
Young, and had lots of tin,
Why his balls were as big as your hat, stranger
And he'd a prick like a coupling pin.

C { She got stuck on his game ^{nelly} ~~did my Fanny~~,
And he played his cards so neat
That in six months she was back in the valley
Crawling again at my feet,

She told me as how he had left her,
Left her with a bottle of Zip
And she took a dose from the bastard,
The guy with the syphilis lip

D { She told me as how he had sold her,
Sold her for what she had brung,
And when she got worse she got shankers
All over her mouth and her tongue.

Well I must be going stranger,
I've nothing more to say,
But I'll find the runt, that stole my cunt
If it takes me till judgment day.

add to MS

The Old Grey Mare.

The old grey mare, she whooped on the whiffle-tree,
Whooped on the whiffle-tree, whooped on the
whiffle-tree.

The old grey mare, she whooped on the whiffle-tree,
Down in Alabama.

(cho.-)

Down in Alabama, down in Alabama,
The old grey mare - (repeat verse).
— — —

The old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she
used to be;

The old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.
(cho.-)

Many long years ago, many long years ago,
The old grey mare - (repeat verse.)

Cow-boy Song.

Oh, I jumped on my horse , and I rode around the herd,

And I ate my dinner off an old cow terd,

I went to the boss to get my pay roll,

And I galloped down town to get some tallow on my pole.

Which seems to be all of that.

Another.

Oh, I fucked her standing ,

And I fucked her lieing,

And if I'd had wings

I'd have fucked her flying.

Oh, I took her by the hand,

And I spun her all around,

And I fucked her seven times

Before she hit the ground.

Oh, I took her by the hand,

And I laid her in the grass,

And I rammed ten inches

Up her damned old ass.

Oh, I wouldn't fuck a nigger.

I'll be damned if I would.

Their hairs all kinky,

And their cunt's no good.

Oh I fucked her on the floor.
 Had up against the wall.
 Had fucked her in the shirt-drawers.
 The damned place gall.

Version 3

RING-DANG-DOO.

I met a girl the other night
She surely was a lovely sight,
I gave her hugs and kisses too,
And tried to feel her Ring-dang-doo.

A } transfer this verse to
Version 2

CHORUS:

Oh, Ring-dang-doo, oh, what is that?
Soft and round like a pussy cat,
Soft and round and split in two?
What that, she said, is my Ring-dang-doo.

She took me down into her cellar,
And said I was a damned fine feller.
She gave me wine and whiskey too,
And let me play with her Ring-Dang-Doo.

CHORUS:

She laid her down upon her bed,
And put a pillow 'neath her head,
She took my cock-a-doodle-doo
And slipped it in her Ring-dang-doo.

CHORUS

The jizzum came just like a flood,
The bedclothes they were soaked with blood.
I screwed her twice and she came, too,
And washed the blood from her Ring-dang-doo.

CHORUS:

We tried it lying on the floor
And standing up behind the door;
And tried it up-side, down-side, too;
I couldn't quit diddling her Ring-dang-doo.

} B

CHORUS:

Her mother said: "You god-damned fool,
He broke your hymen with his tool,
So pack your kit and then skidoo,
And go to hell with your Ring-dang-doo.

CHORUS:

So now she is a dirty whore
With a painted sign above the door;
Two dollars ~~and~~ and two bits too,
To take a crack at her Ring-dang-doo.

CHORUS:

The years went by and Ring-Dang-Doo,

Taught nice young fellows how to screw,

One dollar cash, six bits will do,

To rake a crack at Ring-Dang-Doo.

} C Place at end
of version 2

Two stray verses of Lydia Pinkham.

Little Willie had diabetes,

And he couldn't piss at all,

So he drank a bottle of Compound-

Now he's a human waterfall.

Cho.

Sing, O sing of Lydia Pinkham,

Savior of the Human Race!

For she invented her Vegetable Compound

Now the papers all publish her face.

Mary Whiffle had no children,

Oh, she had no child at all,

Till she drank ten bottles of Compound,

Now she has one every Fall.

Cho.

####

Stray verses of Lulu.

My Lulu's tall and slender,

My Lulu's long and thin.

Oh, I found her down behind the barn

Jacking off with a rolling-pin.

My Lulu' long and slender,

My Lulu's tall and thin.

But when she spreads her legs apart

You could drive four horses in.

Another stray verse of Lulu.

I wish I was the nipple,
Upon my Lulu's teat,
And every time the baby sucked,
I'd fill him full of shit.

Another.

My Lulu rode a motor-bike,
And hit a telegraph pole.
And ran it seven feet of more
Right up her dam ass-hole.

Still more.

Lulu saw a football game.
The fullback kicked a punt.
They lost the ball for half an hour,
Then found it up her cunt.

A tramp stood on the doodstep
With a cock like a piece of hose/
He asked my Lu to suck it off,
And blow it thru her nose.

Enough of that.

####

There was an old woman from Spain,
Who had a terrible pain.

So she climbed up the mast
And uncovered her ass
And blew up the battle ship Maine.

LULU. II

I had a girl named Lulu,
She was a fairy queen,
With deep blue eyes and a Roman nose
And an asshole painted green.

Chorus:
Oh, bang away at Lulu!
Bang away good and strong!
For who's going to do your banging
When Lulu's dead and gone.

I wish I was a pisspot, beneath my Lulu's bed,
And every time she took a pee, I'd see her maidenhead.

I wish I was a diamond ring upon my Lulu's hand,
And every time she wiped her butt I'd see the Promised Land. *leave in OK*

The rich girls they use vaseline, the poor girls they use lard,
But Lulu uses axle grease and bangs 'em just as hard.

Rich girls have ruffles on their drawers, the poor girls drawers are plain,
Lulu wears no drawers at all, but she gets there just the same.

The rich girl has a watch of gold, the poor girl's watch is brass,
Lulu has no watch at all, but she keeps good time with her ass.

Lulu went out walking, came back to where she started,
She tried to sit to take a shit but all she did was farted.

Lulu went out walking, a friend she chanced to pass.
He said, "How are your ovaries?" She said, "And how's your ass?"

I took my Lulu to the engine house, the engine run by steam,
A red-hot coal flew up her hole and burned her magazine.

I took my Lulu to the circus, the animals for to see,
~~The elephant got a hard on, she wouldn't come home with me.~~
But when she saw the elephant balls

I took my Lulu to play some golf, we certainly had fun,
We lost the ball, but in the rough I made a hole in one.

Lulu got arrested, ten dollars was the fine,
But Lulu said to the damned old judge, "Take it out of this ass of mine."

It name was Sunny Girl
Lulu had a baby, it was born at four o'clock,
~~She went to feel its little cunt and grabbed its little cock.~~
She put it in the pisspot to see if it could swim

Lulu went to church one day and climbed up on the steeple,
She pulled her little panties down and natted on the people.

Of all the beasts that roam the woods, I'd rather be a boar,
At every jig I'd make a pig, and sometimes three or four.

I took my Lulu for a walk, I said we'd pick some flowers,
Her little brother came along and so we picked some flowers.

*must use A 7
picking pyg her*

Bang Away My Lulu:
(Old Ballad.)

My girl's name is Lulu,
And Lulu is her name,

And I don't give a damn if her name is—
I love her just the same!

I wish I was a diamond ring
Upon my Lulu's hand,
So every time she took a p—
I'd see the promised land.

I took my girl to the baseball game,
The baseball game to see;
But when the umpire yelled "two balls",
She wouldn't go home with me.

(con.)

I wish I was a piss-pot
Under my Luke's bed.
So every time she took a piss
I'd see her maiden-head.

Chorus -

Then bang away my Luke,
And will bang away good and strong,
For what're you going to do for your banging
When your Luke's dead and gone?

(many other verses).

LULU. Version I

There was a girl named Lulu,
Who lived in a country town,
She tried to keep her reputation up
But she couldn't keep her dresses down.

Chorus:

So bang away for Lulu,
Bang away good and strong,
Whatcha' goin' t' do for bangin'
When Lulu's dead and gone!

Rich girls wear the fancy drawers,
And poor girls wear the plain,
But my Lulu has no drawers at all,
And gets there just the same.

Chorus.

Rich girls they use cold cream,
And poor girls they use lard,
But my Lulu uses axle-grease,
And hits them twice as hard.

Chorus

The rich girl's watch is made of gold,
The poor girl's is made of brass,
My Lulu has no watch at all,
Her movement's in her ass.

Chorus

Some girls they fuck back and forth,
And some fuck round and round,
My Lulu does the figure eight
And never hits the ground.

Chorus v

LULU. Version (continued)

I wish I was a diamond ring,
Upon my Lulu's hand,
And every time she wiped her ^{face} ~~eyes~~,
I'd see the promised land.

Chorus: For she was a Lulu, every inch a Lulu
Lulu, that little girl of mine.

I wish I was a thunder-mug,
Beneath my Lulu's cot,
And every time she'd take a ^{pee} ~~poos~~,
I'd see that lovely twat.

Chorus

(Still another form of LULU.)

Lulu had a baby,
She set it on a rock,
She wanted to call it Mary,
But it had a little cock.

Chorus For she was a Lulu, every inch a Lulu,
Lulu that little girl of mine.

Lulu had a baby,
It's name was Sunny Jim,
She put him in the piss pot,
To see if he could swim.

Chorus

He swam around the bottom,
He swam around the top,
Till Lulu got excited and
Grabbed him by the cock.

Chorus

} A .

I wish I was a lock
Upon my lover's breast
And everytime she heaved a sigh
I'd see her ancle's rest.

Lulu.

My Lulu's tall and slender,
My Lulu's tall and thin,
I met my Lulu by the
railroad track

Jerking off with a coupling pin.

I've got a girl named Lulu

Lulu is her name

By God! she is a lulu!

I took my Lulu to the circus,

The elephant for to see.

But when she saw the elephant's balls,

She wouldn't come home with me.

I've got a girl etc.

Some girls have gold watches,

Others have them brass.

My Lulu has no watch at all,

Keeps time with the wiggle of her ass.

I've got a girl etc.

Lulu #2

Lulu was arrested
Ten dollars was her fine.
She said to the Judge.

"You son-of-a-bitch,
Take it out of that ass of mine"

I've got a girl etc.

2
My Lulu went in swimming
She found a dirty stick
She fondled it & kissed it
Cause she thought it was my prick
By God it was

The rich girl has a watch of gold
The poor " one of brass
But Lulu has no watch at all
Her works are in her ass
By God they are

The rich girl uses vasoline
The poor " " lard
But Lulu uses axle grease
That makes it twice as bad
By God it does -

I wish I was a diamond ring
Upon my L's hand
& every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land
By God I would -

I wish I was a locket
Upon my L's breast
Every time she heaved a sigh
" here, choo's nest."

I went to see my R
she took off all her clothes
and every time she sucked me off
she blew it thru her nose
By God she did.

No Balls at all.

There was a young lady
Both handsome & tall
Who married a man
Who had no balls at all.

All yours a drawn from Boston
 And from friends & such
 And from the town for Nelson
 And from the town for Nelson

Jelly Tinker
[A-Creeping and A-Crawling]

One moonlight night while Nellie lay a-sleeping
One moonlight night while Nellie lay a-sleeping
Along cam a corporal on his hands and knees a-creeping
With his finny dong doodle hanging down to his knees.

* * * *

Three months had passed and Nellie lay a-weeping
Three months had passed and Nellie lay a-weeping
Bemoaning the fact that her lover came a-creeping
With his finny dong doodle hanging down to his knees.

* * * *

Six months had passed, Nellie grew much bigger
Six months had passed, Nellie grew much bigger
And everone wondered who the hell had frigged her
With his finny dong doodle hanging down to his knees.

* * * *

Nine months had passed and Nellie burst asunder
Nine months had passed and Nellie burst asunder
And out stepped a corporal with his regimental number
On his long finny dong doodle hanging down to his knees.

The Wife of the Man Who Had No Balls At All

Come all you maidens and listen awhile,

And I'll sing you a song that will make you all smile,

A song of a maiden so fair and so tall

Who married a man who had no balls at all.

Cho.-

WHAT? No balls at all?

NO! No balls at all.

Oh, the wife of the man who had no balls at all!

The night of the wedding she jumped into bed,

Her cheeks they were rosy, her lips they were red,

She felt for his penis, his penis was small,

She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Cho. with vim.

She cried to her mother, "I wish I was dead!

No relief can I find for my poor maiden-head,

Oh, I never can have any pleasure at all,

For I've married a man who has no balls at all!

Cho.

"Now, daughter, dear daughter, don't feel so damn bad,

Just do with your husband as I did with your dad.

There's many a fellow will answer the call

Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all."

Cho.

NO BALLS AT ALL!

JK

Listen my children, come listen a while
I'll tell you a story that will make you all smile,
About a young lady, so graceful and tall,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

What, no balls at all?
Yes, no balls at all!
She married a man who had no balls at all.

The very first night when she hopped into bed
Her lips they were hot and her cheeks they were red,
She felt for his cock and his cock it was small,
She felt for his balls and he had no balls at all.

What, no balls at all?
Yes, no balls at all!
She felt for his balls; he had no balls at all.

Mother, Oh! Mother, the poor lady said,
I have no relief for my poor maidenhead.
My trouble are great, my pleasures are small,
For I've married a man who has no balls at all.

What, no balls at all?
Yes, no balls at all!
For I've married a man who has no balls at all.

Daughter, dear daughter, pray don't be so sad,
Just do to your husband as I did to your dad,
There is many a man who will come at first call,
To help out the man who has no balls at all.

"B" text

In 'Mise II
via Gordon
collection

HER MAN.

Frankie and Johnny were lovers,
Oh my God, how they could love,
They swore to be true to each other,
As true as the stars above,-

But he was her man
And he done her wrong.

Frankie she lived in a crib house,
A crib house with only two doors,
She gave all her money to Johnny,
Who spent it on parlor house whores,-

And he was her man
What done her wrong.

Frankie she was a good girl,
As all the neighborhood knows,
She gave to Johnny a hundred dollar bill
Just to buy himself some clothes -

And he was her man,
What done her wrong.

One night when Frankie was lonely,
And nobody came to call,
She put on a dirty kimona
And went down to the nickel drawl -

She was lookin' for her man
Who was doin' her wrong.

Oh, Frankie went down to the corner
Just to buy herself a beer,
She said to the big bartender,
"Has my lover named Johnny been here?"

I'm lookin' for the man,
What's doin' me wrong."

(Bartender speaks)

"Well, I ain't gonna tell you no stories,
And I ain't gonna tell you no lies,
But Johnny was here 'bout an hour ago
With that high yellin' Nelly Bly."

"God damn his soul,
He's a-dealin' it cold."

Oh, Frankie went down to the hop-joint,
This time it wasn't for fun,
Underneath her dirty kimona,
She had a big forty-four gun.

To shoot the man
Who was doin' her wrong.

And when she reached the hop-joint,
And she looked in the window so high,
There she saw Johnny a-sitting
Finger-fuckin' Nelly Bly.

The son of a bitch,
He was cheatin' the game.

Frankie she knocked at the hop-joint,
And she rang the hop-joint bell,
She yelled "Clear out, all you whores and pimps,
I'm goin' to blow my lover to hell,

God burn his balls,
He's a-doin' me wrong!"

Johnny heard Frankie a-comin'
And yelled "Oh, my, don't shoot!"
But Frankie she pulled her forty-four gun -
Five time - Root, -toot-tooty-toot-toot!

Right into the man
Who had done her wrong.

(Johnny speaks in agony)

"Oh, roll me over gently,
Roll me over slow,
Roll me over on my right side,
So the bullets won't hurt me so -

For I was your man
Though I done you wrong."

← insert here verse B
~~at end~~

"Oh, roll up your rubber-tired hearses,
Hearses all lined in black,
Take me out to the cemetery,
And you'll never, never, never bring me back -

Oh, I was your man
And I done you wrong."

← insert verse A on next page

(Frankie laments.)

"Oh, lock me up in the dungeon,
And throw the fuckin' key away,
I've gone and killed my lover Johnny,
And I don't want to live another day -

Oh, I've killed my man
Who done me wrong."

But the Sheriff said "Frankie, don't worry,
I guess it was all for the best,
He was always pimping and whoring around,
My God, he was an awful pest -

And he was your man
And he done you wrong."

And the judge he said "Looka here, Frankie,
This case is plain as can be,
You went and shot your lover Johnny
So it's murder in the first degree -

You killed your man
Who'd been doin' you wrong."

Frankie said "Judge, I'm sorry
For all that's come to pass,
But I never shot him in the first degree -
I shot him in the big fat ass -

For he was my man
And he done me wrong."

Frankie now sits in the parlor,
Underneath the 'lectric fan,
Warning her little grand-daughters
"Beware of the God-damned man -

Yes, he'll do you wrong
Just as sure as you're born."

Editorial paragraph for alternative ending

Frankie mounted the scaffold
As calm as a girl can be
And turning her eyes to heaven she said
Good Lord, I acoming to these

A { Frankie stood on the corner
To watch the funeral go by
Bring back my poor dead Johnnie to me
To the undertaker she did cry

B { Call in ten thousand policemen
" " a million more
You'll need see these policemen
To arrest that ^{poor Dave} ~~bad fat~~ whore

~~The sheriff took poor Frankie
He took her at the break of day
He locked her in a dungeon dark
And took the keys away.~~

THE SONG OF SHIME.

'Ave you 'eard of Sally Pecker,
Victim of a rich man's whim?
First 'e 'ad 'er, then 'e left 'er,
Goin' to 'ave a child by 'im.

See 'im sittin' hon 'is 'orse there,
Gettin' ready for the 'unt,
While the victim of 'is passion
Scratches crabs from hoff 'er cunt.

See 'im sittin' in the hopera,
In the front row of the pit,
While the little girl 'e ruined
Trudges 'ome through piles of shit.

In 'er 'umble little cottage,
There's a byby must be fed,
And when gent's is 'unting pleasure,
Then she takes hit in the 'ead.

It's the sime the whole world hover,
It's the poor wot tikes the blime,
It's the rich wot takes it's pleasure,
Ain't hit all a bleedin' shime?

THRU THE KEY-HOLE IN THE DOOR.

omit
I left her in the parlor,
'Twas shortly after nine,
And by some stroke of fortune,
Her room was next to mine.
Resolved, like old Columbus,
New regions to explore,
I took a snug position,
By the keyhole in the door.

And down upon the carpet,
I knelt upon one knee,
And waited there so patiently
To see what I could see.
She first took off her collar
It fell upon the floor,
I saw her stoop to get it,
Thru the keyhole in the door.

And down upon the carpet,
Oh, what a sight to see,
She raised her silken garments
Above each dimpled knee.
A pretty bright blue garter
On each plump leg she wore,
Oh, what a glorious vision -
Thru the keyhole in the door.

Fair Doris then proceeded
To doff her pretty dress
And then her undergarments
Some fifty, more or less.
To tell the truth sincerely,
There may have been a score,
Of course I couldn't count them
Thru the keyhole in the door.

She then went to the fireside,
Her dainty feet to warm,
With nothing but her shimmy-shirt
to hide her glorious form.
Oh, please take off that shimmy,
And I'll ask for nothing more,
Ye Gods! I saw her do it.-
Thru the keyhole in the door.

Then with my knuckles gently,
I rapped upon the door,
And after much imploring
I crossed the threshold floor.
Fearing lest someone should see,
As I had seen before,
I hung her little shimmy
O'er the keyhole in the door.

Thru The Keyhole In The Door.

That night I swam in glory,
And something else besides,
And on her snowy bosom
I had a joyous ride.
And in the morning early
My tummy was so sore
As if I had been going
For the Keyhole in the door.

'Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
 She wore it in the winter and in the summer, so they
 say;
 And if you asked her why the decoration,
 She'd say it's for her lover who is far, far away.
 (cho.-)

Far away, far away,
 If she's milking cows or mowing hay;
 'Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
 She wore it for her lover who is far, far away.

time - Put on your Old Grey Bonnet.

Pass around your silver goblet -
 With your name engraved upon it,
 And we'll all have another drink of beer;
 For we're here in college
 And it's not for knowledge,
 So we'll raise it - while we're here.

More song.

Canfield

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon.

She wore it in December, and in the month of May.

And when they asked her why the hell she wore it,

She said 'twas for her lover who was far, far away.

Cho.

Far away! Far away! Far away! Far away!

She said 'twas for her lover who was far, far away.

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage,

She pushed it in December, and in the month of May,

And when they asked her why the hell she pushed it,

She said 'twas for her lover who was far, far away.

Cho.

###

Amfield

"Oh, no sir," said she,
"You're a stranger to me,
And I fear you might do me some harm,
But for a ten dollar bill
We'll go over that hill,
And wáíll wind up that little ball of yarn."

Now I'm sitting in the pit
With my shirt tail full of shit,
And the bed-bugs playing billiards with my balls.
For the cinches are so thick
From my ass-hole to my dick,
That you cannot tell my buttocks from my balls.

Some old stuff.

You tell'em, Soft Collar, I have a hard on.
You tell'em, America, ~~you~~ you made the French safe.
You tell'em, Dewey, you made the Spanish fly.
You tell 'em Syphilis, and I'll clap.
You tell'em Pool Table, you've got the balls.
You tell'em, Flivver, you've got the nuts.

And so forth, and so forth.

###

Confield

SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN SONG.

In the merry month of May,
When the dogs begin to play,
And the roosters chase the hens around the barn,
Says the jenny to the jack,
"Climb onto my back,
And we'll wind up that little ball of yarn."

Oh, I went down into town,
And started lookin' round,
And I seen a gal that made my balls to yearn,
So I says "Come with me,
And we'll lie 'neath yonder tree,
And we'll wind up that little ball of yarn."

?

Try to obtain ^{more} a complete
version of this.

A SAILOR-BOY.

A sailor boy went out one night,
To get a bottle of rum;
And he knocked, and he knocked, and he knocked , and he knocked
But never a soul would come.

He beat upon the tavern door,
As if to wake the dead;
When sudden he heard a RAT-A-TAT-TAT,
In the chamber overhead.

The RAT-A-TAT-TAT
is pounded out
with glasses on ~~x~~
the table.

"Come up, come up," the maiden said,
"And you and I'll agree,
That I've the finest RAT-A-TAT-TAT
That ever you did see!"

(and I forget the rest until the ending...

They found him nursing his RAT-A-TAT-TAT
In the chamber overhead!

NB: This is an old favorite of 15-20 years ago at the
Columbia Crew Quarters at P'ksie. Maybe someone else
can fill the elisions.

And another fragment: Tune: The Tie that Binds.

"I'm tired of pulling an oar,
I dont want to row any more;
I'm tired of drilling
When I might be swilling
And lying dead-drunk on the floor.

I'm tired of pulling an oar,
I dont want to row any more;
I'm tired of creving
When I might be screwing
And lying in bed with a whore!

And maybe someone will send in the Navy favorite, which escapes me
from war-days in the USN :

"I'm goin' to build a cottage up in Newport,
I'm goin' to build a cottage by the sea;
I'm goin' to show the boys that I'm a true sport,
Oh, skinny-ma-rinky-dinky-dinky-dee!

Cho: Oh skinny-ma-rinky-dinky-DOO- (die-day)
Oh skinny-ma-rinky-dinky-dinky-dee....
I'm gonna show the boys that I'm a true sport,
Oh skinny-ma-rinky-dinky-dinky-dee!

WHISKEY JOHNNY.

Whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I'll drink whiskey while I can,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

O, whiskey straight and whiskey strong,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Give me some whiskey and I'll sing you a song,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

O, whiskey makes me wear old clothes,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey gave me a broken nose,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey killed my poor old dad,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey driv my mother mad,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

If whiskey comes too near my nose,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I tip it up and down she goes,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

I had a girl, her name was Lize,
Whiskey, Johnny!
She puts whiskey in her pies,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

My wife and I cannot agree;
Whiskey, Johnny!
She puts whiskey in her tea,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Here comes the cook with the whiskey can,
Whiskey, Johnny!
A glass of grog for every man,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

A glass of grog for every man,
Whiskey, Johnny!
And a bottlefull for the chanteyman,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Oh my!

Blow The Man Down

[while Cruising Round
Yarmouth]

As I was a-walking down Paridise Street,

To Me Way-Aye, Blow the man down

A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet

Give me some time to blow tne man down

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow,

As I took in allsail and cried "Way enough now"

I hailed her in English ,she answered me clear,

"I'm from tne Black Arrow bound to the Shakespeare".

So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow,

And yard-arm to yard-arm away we did go.

But as we were going she said unto me,

There's a spanking full-rigger just ready for sea,"

That spanking full-rigger to New York was bound;

She was very well mannen and very well found.

But soon as that packet was clear of the bar,

The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar,

And as soon as that packet was out on the sea,

'Twas devilish hard treatment of every degree,

So I give you fair warning before we belay

Don't never take heed of what pretty girls say,

EPHRIM BROWN. THE SAILOR.

Canfield

"Who's that knocking at the door?"

Asked the fair ladee.

"Who's that knocking at the door?"

"It's Ephrim Brown, the sailor."

"I'm undressed and in my bed."

Said the fair ladee.

"I'm undressed and in my bed."

Said the fair ladee.

"Two can sleep as well as one."

Said Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"Then lift the latch and come right in"

Said the fair ladee.

"What's that hairy thing I see?"

Asked Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"That's my fairy pincushion."

Said the fair ladee.

"I have a pin that will just fit in."

Said Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"I have a pin that will just fit in."

Said Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"Oh, what if I should have a child?"

Asked the fair ladee.

"I'd wring the son of a bitch's neck"

Said Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"What if there should an inquest be?"

Asked the fair ladee.

"Twould be a damn bad thing for you!"

Said Ephrim Brown the sailor.

"Now stow your gab and spread your leg."

Said Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"While I slip in my Long John peg."

Said Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

I'm sending you a token
of the whipstock that was broken
And the foot prints on the dashboard upside down
And the spots upon the cushion
where someone's been a pushin'
And my daughter Venus has not come around

I'm the guy that did the pushin'
left the spots upon the cushion
And the foot

Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I'd never seen your God-damned town

It was at a ball I met him,
He asked me for a dance,
I knew he was a sailor,
By the buttons on his pants.

It was in my mother's hallway,
That I was led astray,
It was in my mother's bedroom,
That I was forced to lay.

He laid me down so gently,
He raised my dress so high,
He said "My darling Nellie,
We'll do it now or die."

Now all you gay young maidens,
Just take a tip from me,
And never let a sailor,
Get an inch above your knee.

He'll kiss you and caress you,
He'll swear he loves you true,
But when he's got your cherry,
He'll say "To hell with you."

mit

When I was Young And Handsome.2

All you girls take warning,

And heed this tip from me,-

You must never let a sailor

Get an inch above your knee.

For he'll hug you and caress you,

And he'll swear to E'er be true,

But when he's copped your cherry,

He'll say "To hell with you."

And if you do believe him,

He'll leave you just like me,

With a bouncing little bastard

At setting on your knee.

[Bell Bottom Trousers]

THE SERVANT MAID'S LAMENT.

When I was but a serving girl,
Way down in New Orleans,
I had a mysterious happening,
That brought me to my shame.

I met up with a sailor,
Who'd just came back from ^{France} sea,
~~And that was the beginning,~~ I knew he was a sailor
~~Of all my misery.~~ By the buttons on his pants

He asked me for a candle,
To light his way to bed,
He asked me for a handkerchief,
To tie around his head.

And like a foolish maiden,
Not thinking it no harm,
I jumped into that sailor's bed,
To keep him nice and warm.

He put his arms around me,
And kissed me there in bed,
Then, with his nine-inch Johnson bar,
He broke my maidenhead.

And early in the morning,
When that sailor boy awoke,
He reached into his pocket and
He handed me a note.

"You take this, my darling,
For the wrong that I have done,
For in nine months you're going to have,
A daughter or a son."

"And if it is a little girl,
Just rock her on your knee,
But if it is a little boy,
Why, send him out to sea."

"With his bell-bottomed trousers,
And his jumper made of blue,
Let him climb up the masthead,
Like his daddy used to do."

Now all ye pretty maidens,
A warning take from me,
Oh, never let a sailor put,
His hand above you knee.

I let a sailor do it once,
And you can plainly see,
He went away and left me with
A baby on my knee.

IN MOBILE.

Oh, potatoes they grow small,
In Mobile, *In Mobile*
Oh, potatoes they grow small,
In Mobile,
Oh, potatoes they grow small,
And they dig them in the Fall,
and they eat them skin and all,
In Mobile.

Oh, they chew tobacco thin,
In Mobile,
Oh, they chew tobacco thin,
In Mobile,
Oh, they chew tobacco thin,
and it leaks out on their chin,
And they lick it in again,
In Mobile.

Oh, the eagles they fly high,
In Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high,
In Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high,
And they shit down in your eye,
Oh, I'm glad the cows don't fly,
In Mobile.

*start song
this version*

Oh, the only cow is dead,
In Mobile,
Oh, the only cow is dead,
In Mobile,
Oh, the only cow is dead,
So they milk the bull instead,
For the children must be fed,
In Mobile.

Oh, they never wash the dishes,
In Mobile,
Oh, they never wash the dishes.

IN MOBILE.

(continued)

Oh, there are not many whores,
In Mobile, ^

Oh, there are not many whores,
In Mobile,

Oh, there are not many whores,
They fuck knotholes in the floors,
And the keyholes in the doors,
In Mobile.

But the women-folks are prime,
In Mobile,

But the women-folks are prime,
In Mobile,

But the women-folks are prime,
You can screw them for a dime,
And they dose you every time,
In Mobile.

SAMUEL HALL.

Oh my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall, Samuel hall
My name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall
My name is Samuel Hall, and I hate you one and all
You're a bunch of muckers all,
God Damn your eyes, ~~blast your souls, bloody bums.~~

For I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said, so 'tis said
I killed a man , 'tis said, so 'tis said, so 'tis said
I killed a man , 'tis said, and I left him there for dead
With a bullet through his head.
g.1 Damn his eyes, ~~blast his soul, bloody bum.~~

Oh the Padre he did come, he did come, he did come,
The Padre he did come, he did come, he did come,
The Padre he did come, and he looked so dog-goned glum,
When he talked of Kingdom come
g.1 Damn his ~~soul, blast his soul, dirty bum.~~
EYES

The Sherriff he came too, he came too, he came too,
The Sherriff he came too, he came too, he came too,
The Sherriff he came too, and he brought his boys in blue
Oh they were a dirty crew.
g.1 Damn their eyes, ~~blast their souls, dirty bums.~~

So they put me here in quod, here in quod, here in quod,
They put me here in quod, here in quod, here in quod,
They put me here in quod, with a chain and iron rod
And I cant get out by God,
Damn their eyes, ~~blast their souls, dirty bums.~~

So it's up the rope I go, up I go, up I go,
It's up the rope I go, up I go, up I go,
It's up the rope I go, and my friends all down below,
Saying, "Sam I told you so."
g.1 Damn their seyes, ~~blast their souls, dirty bums.~~

I saw Nelly in the crowd, in the crowd, in the crowd,
I saw Nelly in the crowd, in the crowd, in the crowd,
I saw Nelly in the crowd, and she looked so dog-goned proud
That I hollered right out loud,
"Damn your eyes blast your soul, dirty bum."

So let this be my knell, parting knell, parting knell,
Let this be my knell, parting knell, parting knell,
Let this be my knell, and I'll see you all in Hell,
And I hope you sizzle well,
g.1 Damn your eyes, ~~blast your souls, dirty bums.~~

THE FRIAR.

There was a friar, of great renown, (3 times)
Screwed a girl in our town... (3 times, fast)

He took her to, his priory hall (as above)
And put it to her, balls and all.

He laid her on, his lowly bed...
And screwed her there till she was dead.

And when the bells, had tolled "amen",
He screwed her back to life again!

ONE NIGHT, LATE IN AUGUST.

[a creeping and
a crawling]

One night, late in August,
Mary lay a-sleeping (repeat couplet)
When along came a corp'ral on his hands and knees a-creeping,
With his long funny-doodle dangling
Way down to his knees.

When three months were over,
Mary fell aweeping (repeat)
She wept for the corp'ral on his hands and knees a-creeping
With his long funny-doodle dangling
Way down to his knees.

When six months were over
Mary grew fatter (repeat)
And everyone wondered whothell had been at her
With his long etc. etc.

When nine months were over
Mary burst asunder (repeat)
And out jumped a kid with a regimental number
And his long funny-doodle etc. etc.

[Mouth of Great Resonance]
Describe how this
should be sung

There was a friar of great renown,
There was a friar of great renown,
And - he -
Married a girl in our town,
Married a girl in our town,
Married a girl in our town,
Ha, ha, ha, shhhhh.

He took her to the marriage hall,
He took her to the marriage hall,
And - he -
Fucked her up against the wall,
Fucked her up against the wall,
Fucked her up against the wall,
Ha, ha, ha, shhhhh.

He took her to the marriage bed
He took her to the marriage bed
And - he -
Fucked her until she was dead
Fucked her until she was dead
Fucked her until she was dead
Ha, ha, ha, shhhhh.

They took her to the burial ground,
They took her to the burial ground,
And - he -
Swore he'd have another round,
Swore he'd have another round,
Swore he'd have another round,
Ha, ha, ha, shhhhh.

The friars prayed from eight to ten
The friars prayed from eight to ten
And - he -
Fucked her back to life again
Fucked her back to life again
Fucked her back to life again
Ha, ha, ha, shhhhh.

The Goat of Darbytown.

Amfield

There was a goat of Darbytown,
He had two horns of brass,
And one grew out of the top of his head,
And the other grew out of his

(Chorus) Maybe you don't believe me,
Maybe you think I lie,
But if you go down to Darbytown,
They'll tell you the same as I.

Now upon this goat of Darbytown,
The hairs they grew so thick,
That it took all the girls in Darbytown,
To find the end of his

Maybe you don't believe me, etc. etc.

Now the man who owned this goat,
He wasn't so very rich,
But the man who sold it to him,
Was a regular son of a

Maybe you don't believe me, etc. etc.

Fond Wife, dear Wife.

A man came stumbling home one night as drunk as he could be,
He saw a hat upon the rack where his hat ought to be,
"Fond Wife, dear Wife, you son of a bitch" says he,
"Whose hat is that hat where my hat ought to be?"

"You darn fool, you damn fool, you son of a bitch" says she,
"It's nothing but a piss pot, as you can plainly see",
"Fond Wife, dear Wife, I've traveled o'er and o'er",
"But I've never seen a piss pot with lining in before."

One Summer's Day.

One summers day,
In bed they lay,
All decked in red and yellow.
Two rosy lips,
Two snow white hips,
And, Oh the lucky fellow.

II,
Two weeks rolled by,
He heaved a sigh,
A sigh of shame and sorrow,
Two pimples pink,
'Peared on his dink,
There may be more tomorrow.

(OVER)

[Gilt Left Skin 112]

[Over]

Some die of Drinking Whiskey.

Some die of drinking whiskey,
And some die of drinking beer,
Some die of diabetes,
And others diarrhoea,
But of all the damn diseases,
The one that I most fear,
Is the drip, drip, drip,
And the drop, drop, drop,
Of the God damn gonorrhoea.

[British Creation
~~July 1947~~
use?]

Every Race gets a Jag On.

The Irishman gets drunk on Whiskey,
The Englishman gets drunk on Ale,
Hot Scotch makes the Scotchman frisky,
The Germans drink beer by the pail,
Opium makes the Chinese dopey,
Turkeys the hootchie kookchie do,
The Yank~~ee~~ get drunk on any kind of booze,
Every race gets a jag on but the Jews.

Darby Town -

There was "rain" in Darby Town who had
two hours of brass
and one struck out of his forehead
and the other struck out of his, out of his
out of his

Maybe you don't believe me,

" " Thank I lie,

But you can go to Darby town & see the same
as I.

x y

There was a man in Darby Town whose whiskers
were so thick

That it took the girls an hour & a half,

To find the end of his, end of his, end of his,

Maybe etc.

ROLLICKING JOHN

Rollicking John came home one night,
As drunk as he could be,
And saw a hat upon the rack
Where his hat ought to be.

"Oh, my dear wife, my darling wife,
My faithful wife", said he,
"Whose hat is that upon the rack
Where my hat ought to be."

"Oh, you old fool, you damn fool,
You son of a bitch," said she,
"That's only a fancy thunder-mug
My mother gave to me."

"In all my travels 'round the world,
Then thousand miles or more,
A ribbon on a thunder-mug
I never saw before."

Rollicking John came home one night,
As drunk as he could be,
And saw a head upon the bed-
Where his head ought to be.

"Oh, my dear wife, my darling wife,
My faithful wife," said he,
"Whose head is that upon the bed
Where my head ought to be."

"Oh, you old fool, you damn fool,
You son of a bitch," said she,
"That's only a fancy pumpkin,
My mother sent to me."

"In all my travels 'round the world,
Ten thousand miles or more,
Red whiskers on a pumpkin
I never saw before."

[O in Goodman]

ROLICKING JOHN. (continued)

Rollicking John came home one night,
As drunk as he could be,
And saw a thing within a thing
Where his thing ought to be.

"Oh, my dear wife, my darling wife,
My faithful wife," said he,
"What is that thing within a thing
Where my thing ought to be."

"Oh, you old fool, you damn fool,
You son of a bitch," said she
"That's nothing but a rolling pin
My mother sent to me."

"In all my travels 'round the world,
Ten thousand miles or more,
Ballicks on a rolling pin
I never saw before."

THE WHOREY CREW.

[four old lines]

There were five whores from New Orleans,
Sipping their beer and wine,
And the only conversation was
"Your woof's no bigger than mine."

"Listen to me" said the first whore,
"My woof's of the largest class,
A ship sailed up one evening
And never touched a mast."

Chorus - So tickle my tits, you bastards,
And smell of my slimey slue,
And kiss my arse, you dirty fucks,
I'm one of the Whorey Crew.

"You're a liar" said the second whore,
"My woof's as big as the moon,
A ship sailed up in November, and
Never came down till June."

Chorus : - - - - -

"You're a liar" said the third whore,
"For mine's the largest of all,
A fleet of steamers floated up, and
Never came down at all."

Chorus: - - - - -

"You're a liar" said the fourth whore,
"For mine's the biggest of all,
The splashing of my monthlies
Is like Niagara Falls."

Chorus:- - - - -

(continued)

THE WHOKEY CREW.

(continued)

"You're liars" said the fifth whore,
"My woof's as big as the air,
The sun and moon revolve about,
And never sings a hair."

Chorus: So tickle my tits, you bastards,
And smell of my slimey slus,
And kiss my arse, you dirty fucks,
I'm Captain of the Crew.

*R-r-r-r-r-rattle
your nuts
against my guts*

[OVER]

[MS to back of preceeding typescript page]

You're a Lion said the sixth whale
For mine's as big as a river
The ducks swim in & the ducks swim out
And not ~~one~~ rumples a feather.
—
Oh, bulletbird, you're the third one
Nine's wide as the heaven's blue
I've room for ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} corner
Plus an antbird or two

[Sea Crab 3 2]

Amfield

short editorial about it being sung by Burgomen - also editorial about

Bishop Brown

Come along jolly fishermen,
We love you very well -

Holy gee, but ain't it cold?

Come along jolly fishermen,
We love you very well

Have you any more soft shell crabs for to sell?

Singing on until I die

one eye, two eye, die.

I grabbed that crab by the very backbone,

Holy gee, but ain't it cold?

I grabbed that crab by the very backbone,

And I lugged and I lugged until I got the bastard home,

Singing on until I die. Chorus.

When I got home Mary Jane was asleep.

Holy gee but ain't it cold?

When I got home Mary Jane was asleep,

So I put it in the piss pot for the night to keep;

Singing on until I die..

In the middle of the night Jane got up to do her due,

Holy gee, but ain't it cold?

In the middle of the night Jane got up to do her due,

And the God-damn sea crab grabbed her by the flue -

Singing on until I die.

Said she "John Henry! just as sure as you're born,

Holy gee, but ain't it cold?

Said she "John Henry! just as sure as you're born,

There's a devil in the pisspot got me by his horn -

Singing on until I die.

Said the old lady "Put on your overalls"-

Holy gee, but ain't it cold?

Said the old lady "Put on your overalls"-

And the damned sea crab grabbed me by the balls.

Singing on until I die.

Said she "John Henry, can't you do a little bit?"

Holy gee, but ain't it cold?

Said she "John Henry can't you do a little bit?

And she socked me in the eye with a stocking full of shit.

Singing on until I die.

Now my story's ended and I can't say no more,
Holy gee, but ain't it cold?
Now my story's ended and I can't say no more,
There's an apply up my asshole and you can have the core,
Singing on until I die.

[2 a Crab]

I found a little crab in under a stone
And I tugged and tugged till I got him home,
Singing one-eye, two-eye, die.

When I got home Mary Ann was asleep
So I put him in the piss pot for to keep,
Singing one-eye, two-eye, die.

Mary Ann got up a job for to do,
And the crab he grabbed a-hold of her flug,
Singing one-eye, two-eye, die.

I said "Mary Ann won't you let a little fart
To blow his face and your ass apart?"
Singing one-eye, two-eye, die.

Mary Ann she tried and she tried a little bit
And she filled that crab's face full of shit,
Singing one-eye, two-eye, die.

yes, sir,
I'm the guy that did the pushin',
Put the grease-spots on your cushion,
Put the foot-prints on your dash-board
upside down;
Since I met your darling Venus
I've had trouble with my p -
And I wish I'd never seen you
G - d - town.

A blue-eyed girl, a fair-haired girl,
All dressed in pink + yellow
Two ruby lips, Two milk-white tits
Oh, what a lucky fellow

—
She stood right there, in the moonlight bare
While I undid her night
The moonlight lit on the end of her tit
By Jesus Christ almighty,

Oh, she jumped into bed, the covers o'er her head
And now I couldn't find her
I knew damned well she had the hell
So I jumped right in behind her.

a week goes by, and then a sigh
Alas, a sigh of sorrow
Two pimples pink upon my dirt
And I'll have more tomorrow

Oh, they're very fond of tail,

Down at Yale, down at Yale.

Oh, they're very fond of tail,

Down at Yale, down at Yale.

So they practice fornication,

Sodomy and masturbation,

For they're very fond of tail down at Yale!

Researches conducted at Harvard,
By savants in Claverly Hall,
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog,
Can hardly be bugged at all.

And further exhaustive researches,
Have incontrovertibly shown,
That comparative safety at Harvard,
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

But, alas! for the ass of the hedgehog
And alas! for the quills in his tail
When ^{The culture of Harvard} ~~Harvard's culture~~ triumphs
The resources of nature must fail.

- 9 -

The Vassar Yell.

(Avec beaucoup d'erotism.)

Oh no, not there!

Oh NO! not there!

Oh no! NOT THERE!!

- THERE !!! (Intense satisfaction.)

###

VASSAR! VASSAR!
VASELINE !!!

Grand finale

September Morn.

Tune - Peg o' My Heart.

September Morn,

I love you, why were you born?

I love you, where are your clothes?

God only knows.

I should think you'd shake and shiver,
Standing in that cold, cold, river.

(etc.)

She Was Just A Sailor's Sweetheart.

She was just a sailor's sweetheart
And she loved her sailor lad
But he left her broken hearted
He was all she ever had
But she still believes in sailors
And she's true to the red, white and blue
And though she is barred
From the Navy Yard
She loves her sailor boy posolutely.

↑
(Diminishing Bass)

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND.

Oh, the minstrels sing of an English king,
Who lived long years ago,
Though he ruled the land with an iron hand
His mind was weak and low.
He loved to hunt the bounding stag,
That roamed the royal wood,
But better still he loved the thrill
Of pulling the royal pud.

His single regal garment was
A woolen undershirt
Which merely served to hide the hide
It could not hide the dirt.
'Twas wild and wooly and full of fleas,
And his terrible tool hung down to his knees
God save the bastard king of England.

The Queen of Spain was an amorous dame
A spritely jane was she,
She loved to fool with the royal tool
Of His Majesty over the sea.
So she sent an invitation
By a special messenger
Inviting him to spend a week
And copulate with her.

Philip of France found this message by chance
And swore to all his court
"She loves me hated rival best
Because me tool is short."
So he sent to the Pope for syphilis sap
To give the Queen a dose of clap.
Which wouldn't do a thing to Merrie England.

When news of this atrocious plot
Reached England's royal halls,
The King he swore by the shirt he wore
He'd eat the Frenchman's balls.
He offered half his kingdom,
And a slice of Queen Hortense,
To any man in England who
Would nut the King of France.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND.

(continued)

Phil

The gallant Duke of Suffolk,
He took himself to France,
Told the King he was a fruiter
So the King took down his pants.
He tied a thong to the Royal prong
And mounted his steed and galloped along
And dragged him to the Bastard King of England.

Briton

The King threw up his breakfast
And fell fainting on the floor,
For in the ride the Frenchman's pride
Had stretched a rod or more.
The ladies came to London Town
And stormed the castle walls
And cried "To hell with the British Crown,
We'll hang him by his balls."

So Philip of France ruled England then
For three score years and ten
Beloved by all the ladies
And admired by all the men.
And as he sat upon the throne,
His sceptre was his Royal Bone
With which he brownd the Bastard King of England.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND.

Oh, the bards they sing of an English King

Who ^{lived} ~~reigned~~ long years ago,

He ruled the land with an iron hand,

But his mind was weak and low.

His one and only garment

Was a leathern undershirt,

Altho it served to hide his hide,

It could not hide his dirt.

He dearly loved to hunt the stag,

~~Within the~~ Within the royal wood,

And as he rode he dearly loved

To pull the royal pood.

He was wild and woolly and full of fleas;

His terrible tool hung down to his knees,

God save the Queen ^{of} England!

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous dame,

And an amorous dame was she,

She loved to fool with his majesty's tool

From far across the sea.

So she sent a special message

By a special messenger,

And asked the King of England

To spend a week with her.

The Bastard King of England, 2

When Philip of France he heard of this,

He cried to all his Court,

"Oh, she much prefers my rival,

Because my prong is short!"

So he sent the Duke of Sipp-and-Sapp

To give the Queen a dose of clapp,

God save the King of England!

When the news of this foul deed

Had come to England's Halls,

The King he swore by the shirt he wore

He'd have the Frenchman's balls.

He offered half his Kingdom

And a crack at the fair Hortense

To any loyal son of a bitch

Who'd nut the King of France.

So the noble Duke of Essex

Went to the Court of France,

Where he said he was a fruiter,

So the King took down his pants.

He slipped a thong round the Royal dong

And merrily merrily galloped along

To the Castle gates of England!

The Bastard King of England,3

Now the King he shit, and the King he swore,

And he shot his lunch all over the floor,

For during the ride the Frenchman's pride

Was stretched a yard or more.

Then all the ladies of the land,

They came to London town,

And shouted round the Castle walls,

"To Hell with the British Crown!"

So Philip of France usurped the Throne,

His scepter was his Royal Bone,

And he buggered the King of England!

She promised to meet me

When the clock strikes seventeen,

In the stockyards, a mile and a half from town;

Where the ~~pigs~~ pigs' feet, and hogs' knees, and tough old Texas steer
Sells for sirloin steak at ninety cents a pound.

O-o-o-oh!

She's my floozey, my daisy,

She's knock-kneed and she's crazy

She hasn't got a bit of brain;

They say her teeth are false,

From eating Epsom salts,

She is

My S. O. L., consumptive Sarah Jane!

So---me Jane!

(Refrain, used in the Army only)

(Refrain, used in the Army only)

And she don't use no prophylactic. *at all - at all!*

Hedgehog Song.

Let's sing to old Ephraim Williams
Who founded the school at Billville.
When he went to his death by the Indians
(He left all his goods by will. (i in vite))

Chorus. Singing Tour-alio-uo-alie - yentee
Singing Tour-alio-uo-alie - yay
Singing - Tour-alio-uo-alie + yentee
Singing - Tour-alio-uo-alie - yay

So here's to old Ephraim Williams
And here's to the old Mohawk Trail
And here's to the Indian Maiden
Who gave him his first piece of tail.

Chorus:

Exhaustive and painful researches
~~Have incontrovertibly~~
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog
Can scarcely be guzzered at all

But further experimentation has incontrovertibly shown

that comparative safety at Harvard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

But Alas! for the ass of the hedgehog!
And Alas! for the girls in his tail -
For when Harvard's Kultur is triumphant
The resources of Nature must fail.

And here's to the girls of New Haven
And here's to the streets that they roam
And here's to their children, goddam 'em -
Who knows but they may be your own.

Don't know the author of the letter.
Hope there are a K in B S or.

[Beside a Belgian Waterfall]

THE YOUNG OBSERVER.

Beside a Belgian waterfall
One sunny Summer's day
Beneath his shipwrecked battle-plane
A young observer lay,
His pilot on a telegraph pole
Was not completely dead,
And as he breathed his very last words
The young observer said,

"We're going to a better land
Where everything is bright,
Where the whisky grows on bushes,
Play poker every night.
You never have to work at all,
Just sit around and sing,
And there are 'beaucoup' wild women,
Oh Death, where is thy sting? "

Army Songs

The Skinback Fusileers

"Eyes right! Assholes tight !

Foreskins to the rear!"

We're the boys

Who make no noise,

We've all got gonorrhea;

refrain

Oh, we're heroes of the night,

For we'd rather fuck than fight,

We're the heroes of the Skinback Fusileers.

"Plum and Apple."
(This was a sort of satire on the jam of that name.)

Plum and apple - apple and plum.
Plum and apple, there is always some.
The A. S. C. get strawberry, and rations of rum,
But we poor guys in the Infantry
Get apple and plum.

"I Want to go home"

I want to go home,
I want to go home.
The bullets, they whizz
And the cannons they roar.
Ah I don't want to go
Up the line any more.
Take me over the sea.
Where the German, he can't get at me.
Ah my, I don't want to die
I want to go home.

The Conscientious Objection Song

Call out the army and the Navy,
Call out the rank and file.
Call out the territorials,
They'll face the danger with a smile.
Call out the brave Colonials
They're sure to win the victory.
Call out my brother,
My sister or my mother,
But for Christ sake
Don't call me.

ARMY SONGS.

[Home Boys Home]

It's home, boys, home,
It's home we ought to be,
Home, boys, home,
In God's country,
We'll nail Old Glory to the top of the pole
And we'll all re-enlist - in a pig's ass hole.

[Bangs Call]

A sol -
A sol -
A soldier I would be.

F'cu -
F'cu -
F' curiosity,

Two pis -
Two pis -
Two pistols at my side.

~~My cunt -~~
~~My cunt -~~
~~My country for my pride.~~

or -

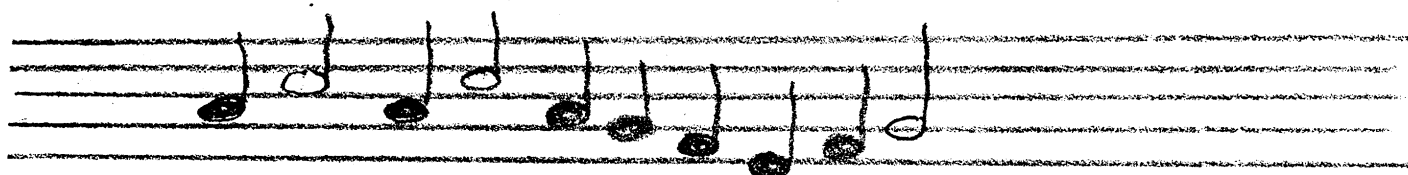
Two pis -
Two pis -
Two pistols on my knee,

To fight for my cunt,-
To fight for my cunt,-
To fight for my country.

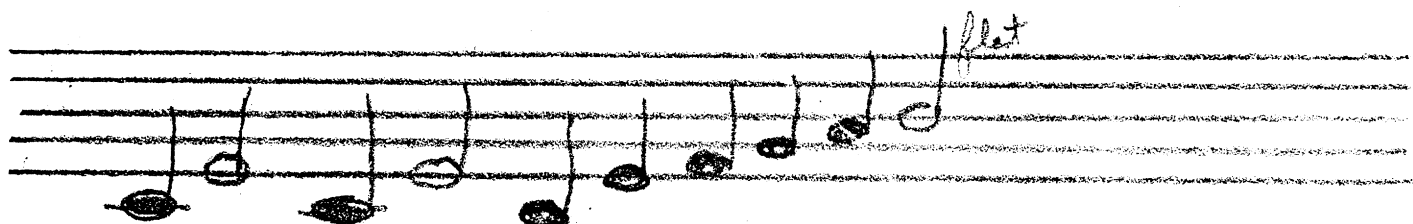
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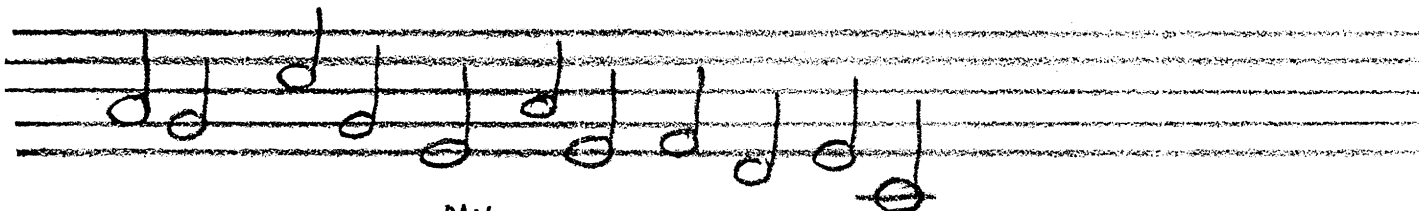
A SOL A SOL A SOLDIER I WOULD BE



Fo' cu Fo' cu Fo' cuRIOUSITY



TWO PIS TWO PIS TWO PISTOLS ON MY KNEE



AND FOR MY COUNT MY COUNTRY I WILL FIGHT

RING DANG DOO.

Version I

"Oh, Ring Dang Doo, pray what is that,
Soft and round like a pussy-cat,
A hole in the middle, with a hair or two! "
She said, "That is my Ring Dang Doo."

One day there came a nice young feller,
She took him down into her cellar,
She gave him wine and whiskey too,
And let him play with ~~the~~ Ring Dang Doo.

"You God damn fool," her mother said,
"You've gone and bust your maiden-head,
So pack your trunk and suit-case too,
And go to hell with ^{my} Ring Dang Doo."

She went down town and became a whore,
And hung this sign above the door,
"Two dollars down, no less will do,
And I'll let you play with ^{my} Ring Dang Doo."

They come by ones, ~~they~~ come by twos,
Just to play with Ring Dang Doo.

the boys they came, the boys they went
Two dollars dropt to fifty cents
From sweet sixteen to sixty two
She let them play with her Ring Dang Doo.

RING-DANG-DOO.

Version 2

As I was strolling through the woods,
I came across some damaged goods,
She had the clap and the syphilis too,
And she played a tune on her Ring-Dang-Doo.

} in place of this verse
put verse A in Version
3.

"My pretty maid, pray what is that,
So nice and round, like a pussy cat,
Split up the middle, with a hair or two?"
"Why, sir," she said, "that's my Ring-Dang-Doo."

She took me down into her cellar,
She said I was one damn fine feller,
She gave me wine, and whiskey too,
And she let me play with her Ring-Dang-Doo.

She took me up into her bed,
She put a pillow beneath my head,
She took my ~~deck~~ ^{thigh} into her hand,
And ~~placed~~ it in the promised land.

"You god-damn fool" her Mother said,
"You've gone and lost your maidenhead,
So pack your trunk and your suitcase too,
And go to hell with your Ring-Dang-Doo."

Insert here
verse B of version 3

"Oh, Mother dear, I'm not to blame,
When you were young you done the same -
From sweet sixteen to seventy-two,
My old man played with your Ring-Dang-Doo."

She went downtown and became a whore,
She hung her sign before her door,
"Come all you soldiers and sailors too,
Come take a crack at my Ring-Dang-Doo."

One day there came a city slicker,
He liked his tail with lots of liquor,
He had the clap and the syphilis too,
And he stayed all night with Ring-Dang-Doo.

end this version with verse C of version 3

2
The mountaineers have hairy ears
They wear long leather britches,
They flop their cocks against the rocks,
They're such hardy sons of bitches.

Great glee they reap from diddling sheep
In crannies, nooks and ditches,
What care they a damn be it dam or ram,
They're such hardy sons of bitches.

The mountaineers they have no fears
They do not stop at trifles,
They hang their balls upon the walls,
And shoot at them with rifles.

In a village in the country
Lived a maid of honest fame,
Till along came a squire,
And he took her honest name.

So she journeyed up to London
For to hide her guilty shame,
And there another squire
Took her name again.

In the village in the country
Her parents sadly live.
They drink the champaign she sends, ~~but~~,
But they never can forgive.

THE DEVIL HE LIVES IN A HELL OF A PLACE

Words and music by Henry W. Hetzel

Allegro moderato

mf

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble, and the bass line is in the bass. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system includes tempo markings: 'rall.' (ritardando) at the beginning, 'a tempo' in the middle, and 'rall.' again at the end. The score is marked with 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests.

The Devil he lives in a hell of a place;
 Of decent home comforts it hasn't a trace.
 The climate is sultry, no sea breezes blow,
 And it's been a long while since they've had any snow.
 The chambers are stuffy and everything there
 Is made of asbestos,—each table and chair.
 As long as I live I never will pay
 A visit to Hades where you can't get away,—
 I'll be damned if I go there in any case,
 For the Devil he lives in a hell of a place.

But "no rose," they say, "without its thorn";
 There are drawbacks to heaven, as sure as you're born.
 The climate and scenery are passing fair,
 But I'm doubtful somewhat of society there.
 For many a pious old hypocrite
 Has gone above in glory to sit,
 And condemned in hell forever to be.
 Such good honest fellows like you and like me,
 So living in Hades may be no disgrace,
 Tho the Devil he lives in a hell of a place.

When I was Young and Handsome.

When I was young and handsome,

It was my great delight

To attend the balls and dances,

And stay out late at night.

O, I met him in the ball room.

I met him there by chance.

I knew he was a sailor

By looking at his pants.

His shoes were brightly polished,

His hair was neatly combed.

We danced around the ball room,

And then he asked me home.

It was in my father's hall-way

It was in my father's hall-way

That I was lead astray.

It was in my mother's bed-room

That I was forced to lay.

He lay me down so gently,

He pulled my dress so high,

And then he said, "Now, Nellie,

You must do it, dear, or die."

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

Laura Johnson

vs.

Rev. George A. Burton.

Supreme Court,

N . J .

In Trespass.

James Matlack Seovel,
for Plaintiff,

Henry S. Seovel,
for Defendant.

This case was tried before Judge Parker, a Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey and a Presbyterian Elder in the very odor of sanctity. James Matlack Seovel was opposed by Henry S. Seovel, his son, the colored defendant's counsel.

The plaintiff's counsel said among other things:

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,- The defendant, Breer Burton, says the widow of eight years' standing, and that he had heard that a widow in that state of "earnal concupiscence" was just AS GOOD AS NEW.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury", to my mind this expression from this so-called man of God only shows a bad case of MALA MENS, or evil mind fatally bent on mischief and copulation. What right has this black pounder and expounder of the everlasting Gospel to know how long one of his flock has been without a mouthful of "cats?"

"Breer Burton says, this oleaginous 'coon', this lecherous terrapin, this stallion shod with fire! in feeble excuse of his alas! too frequent visits to my client, the fair and bucksum woman (N.B.-she was indeed of a yellow color and fair to look upon) who wears the livery of the burnished sun - Burton said, he only 'went down to fix de widow's hen coop'.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, you know how it is yourself - for most of you, I fear, in the days of your youth have 'trod the primrose path of dalliance', SEMI-occasionally, Was it indeed for this so-called man of God to go and see this beautiful black sheep, morning, noon, and night for the evidence discloses the damning fact that Breer Burton lingered in sweet and amorous dalliance with Laura Johnson, till like Romeo, he outwatched the very nightingale. I can truthfully say that this so-called minister of the Gospel, who, like the ancient Iago, was only 'fit to lead apes in hell and chronicle small beer,' that in his visits to this loving member of his congregation, he played Petrarch to her LAURA, first he billed and then he cooed, then he osculated, and then he copulated - like the amorous he goat that he is - and as the ancient fornicator, Rabelais, beautifully remarks, he played two 'downs' to her one 'up' and anticipated her on third.

"Possibly being one of Shakespeare's scholars, this black Abelard, as he mounted in hot haste his dusky Heloise, quoted from the divine William Shakespeare, who sits pensive and alone above the hundred handed play of his own imagination - as he said:

"Spread thy close curtains love performing night, that Romeo Burton may leap to Laura Johnson's arms untalked of and unseen."

(Here Judge Parke checked the rising applause of the audience with his gavel and said with apparent relish: "Go right on Colonel Jim; this case is not lacking in interest to this Court.")

Counsel protesting against levity, proceeded and said;

Plaintiff was a

"I see before me the three dusky daughters of this unhappy, kindless treacherous and lecherous defendant at the bar - their own father, who admits he got on his knees and invoked the Divine blessing before he mounted the willing Laura, to whom he promised marriage. I see the three Burton girls - trained perjurers, to save the old man from the consequences of his lechery. Gaze on these three 'Cleopatras of the OOze' - they toil not, neither do they spin, but Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these Burton girls in their red shawls!"

(Here the Burton girls made mouths at the counsel who retorted: "You dusky bitches, don't you dare make mouths at me!")

Judge Parker cried: "Order, order - but let the case proceed. It grows in interest."

"It was the duty," said the plaintiff's counsel, "of the Rev. George Burton to Allure to brighter worlds and Lead the way. He did no such thing. He seduced the plaintiff under a promise of marriage. He is a miserable and breachy soon who merits condign punishment at your hands."

"And the irate Laura when Burton went off and married another yellow girl, pursued the fugitive Burton with a horse pistol well nigh three feet long; and Breer Burton can thank God that counsel pacified the avenging fury of Laura Johnson else this MUD-TURTLE of the Zion Church would not now be cumbering and encumbering the earth, not even on praying ground and pleading terms!"

"When this fornicating man of God ought to have been leading Laura by the still pastures and sweet waters of the Gospel, he spent his time, the hoary-headed old sinner, in exploring her quivering thighs, and the demesnes which there adjacent lie; as he kissed her he said: 'Hang there sweet soul like ripe fruit till the tree dies.' He plunged in medias res, recklessly, when he ought to have married the woman he seduced, according to law."

"Shall this black stallion, shod with fire, be longer allowed to pursue his lewd and lecherous cause amongst the mettled fillies of the Macedonian ~~At~~ Afro-American Church? Shall this wild ass of the mountain continue to ~~be~~ cavort on the hillside of his illicit Zion with his dusky harem? Cavort - in the name and in the livery of the Savior of mankind? Never! God forbid! Let this wild arab of fornication from the dusky purlieus of South Camden be forthwith lassoed with the law; this continental, colossal and unmitigated he-whore."

Judge Parker charged in favor of the fair Laura.

The verdict was for \$150. much to the disgust of the junior Scovel.

CAMDEN, N.J., March 1, 1890.

#####

"That remains to be seen," said the ~~mr~~ elephant, as he shat in the middle of the road.

?? ?? ? ???

Hot Tamales

John and Molly by the sea

Indulged in youthful follies.

The sun shone strong on Johnnies arse,

The sand was hot Tamales.

?????

MEMBERS of an older generation will remember how it began: (

'Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there

That well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the Square,

And as songs and witty stories came through the open door

A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

The derision that greeted his poor appearance left our hero only a little sadder:

. . . Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd;

To be in such good company would make a deacon proud. . . .

Say, give me another whiskey and I'll tell you what I'll do—

I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise too;

That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think,

But I was, some four or five year back, say, give us another drink.

Determined, he proceeded with his unhappy story. "I was . . . I saw the star of fame before my eyes."

And then, I met a woman—now comes the funny part—

With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

The Drifter's readers know the rest only too well. Young love returned and then betrayed: "The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead." And then the denouement:

That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,

I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while. . . .

Say, boys, if you'll give me another whiskey, I'll be glad,

And I'll draw right here the picture of the face that drove me mad; . . .

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began

To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man,

Then as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,

With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

* * * * *

[Face on the Barroom Floor]

Statistics of the Labor Department would support the figures which you give, the truth is that while the number actually coming in to the country was below the quota figure, yet the number of visas issued equaled the full quota and persons holding unused ones are eligible for admission after June 30 in addition to the quota of the present year.

Philadelphia, October 9

J. M. SHAW,

Editor, *Service Talks*,

Philadelphia-Rapid Transit Company

Drink and Modern Industry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It occurs to me that the revolt against prohibition is also a revolt against our present industrial order. Drinking, even in moderation, implies carefreeness, and there is no place for that in the order of things under industrialism. Workers have to be sober, rigid, and staid in their habits. Speed and efficiency give no quarter to anyone who wants to take the time to sip a glass of wine. They don't even permit a leisurely manner of eating.

New York, October 9

MORGAN MAVO

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

ANNE HARD will send *The Nation* another report from the coal district.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES was formerly on the faculty of the University of Oregon.

ROBERT C. FRANCIS was an official delegate at the Stockholm conference which he describes in his article.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS wrote "A Spoon River Anthology," "Domesday Book," and other poems and novels.

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury* and author of "The American Language."

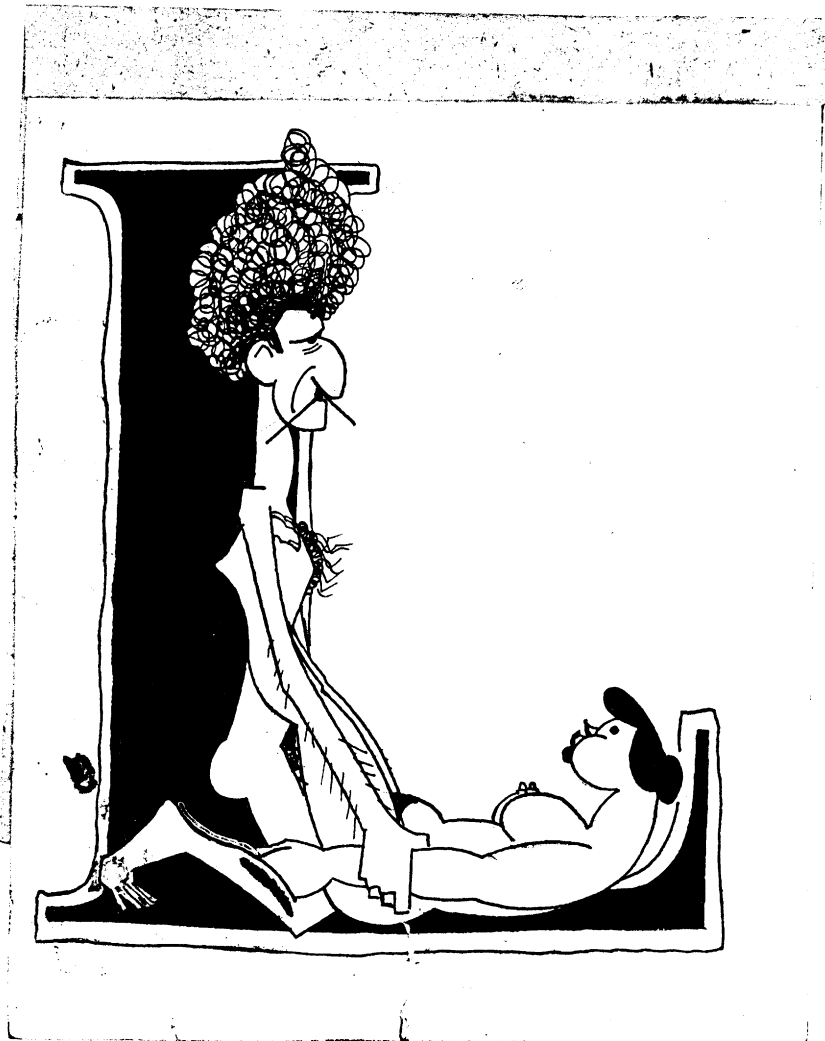
ZONA GALE is the author of "Miss Lulu Bett" and "Birth."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

LOLA RIDGE is the author of "Ghetto" and "Sun-Up."

DOROTHY GRAFFE is on the editorial staff of *The Nation*.

JAMES MURPHY was a British correspondent in Rome until last summer. The Fascist censorship made his work so difficult that he went to Paris, where, he writes, "we know much more about Italy than they do in Rome."



[Eeenay Weeenay Spider]

There was a God damn spider

Lived up a water spout

'Long came a hell of a thunderstorm

And washed the bastard out.

But when the fucking sunshine

Dried up the farting rain

That raring, tearing son of a bitch

Went up the spout again.

Another and somewhat liberal rendition of Villon's Ballade and Orison

by Murray Godwin

Good Noe, first planter of the vine,
And Lot, who on the cavern cup
Got soused; and sozzled, cocked with wine,
Knocked both thy homely daughters up
(I mean no pepper in thy tup),
Architriclinus, who in the bowl
Found Wisdom, gaze with a kind hiccup
On Cotard's worthy, well-primed soul.

He was a rumhound, thoroughbred,
Strong for the three-star stuff, and yet,
If that were lacking, he'd guzzle instead
At red ink or white mule; anything wet
And loaded to kill was with him well met;
Though leaking schnapps from every hole,
He'd cling to the bottle -- blessings get
On Cotard's worthy, well-primed soul.

I used to watch him making for port,
Heaving his cargo, wrenching his rump;
And once I recall, he was brought up short
By a butcher's stall, with a hellish bump---
Sp pickled he was that he flouted the thump---
Tanked to the eyelids, blind as a mole---
Shine the soft lights of your heavenly dump
On Cotard's worthy, well-primed soul.

L'ENVOI

Whenever he farted he burned his pants,

His turd was like a smoking coal--
Good Masters, don't, pray, look askance
On Cotard's worthy, well-primed soul.

This rendition, says Frere Godwin, "however faulty, has the merit of being less rocky and more in the spirit of the original, which I have not read, than the translations of the Rev. Payne, the Rev. Lepper, and others of the same sad breed."

The International Pornographic Library.

The Wildcat's Revenge, by Claude Balls.

The Flapper's Dilemma, by Mr. Period.

The Bachelor's Dream, by de Wet Sheets.

The Brown Spots on the Wall, by Flung Dung Hi.

The Price of a Good Time, by Peter Burns.

The Second Coming, by Twica Knight.

The Happy Schoolgirl, by Ivy Candle.

The Demi-Virgin, By Rector Box.

Down on the Amazon, by Col. Lingus.

In Dutch, by Maoda Hollander.

The Nubian Princess, by Erasmus B. Black.

The Torn Kimono, by Seymore Hare.

The Crying Need, by Una Peased.

The Cry in the Night, by Bita Titzoff.

The Cream of the Jest, By Screwed Inn Phun.

The Perfect Marriage, by Gerald Fitzmaude and Maude Fitzgerald.

Solitary Bliss, by I. Jerkoff.

The Yellow Flood, by I.P. Fresly.

Three In One, By Igot Tripletz.

Passion Fruit, by Usa Banana.

The Power of That, by E. Rection.

The Barred Door, by Shesa Laidenhead.

The Golden Opportunity by Mrs. Nickerson

###

The Easiest Way, by Hilene Backe.

How to Reduce Your Wife, by Rider Haggard.

The Brown Spots on the Floor, by Crawling Child.

Everybody's Hot Mama, by Shesa Prick Skinner.

"It's a helluva life," said the poor Queen of Spain,

"Five minutes of pleasure, and nine months of pain."

"Five minutes of pleasure, nine months of pain,

Two weeks of rest, and at it again."

"It's a hell of a life,"

Said the queen of Spain,

"Nine months leave,

And it's a hell of a life again."

L I F E

20 to 30, night and morning,

40 to 50, night or morning.

50 to 60, now and then.

60 to 70, God knows when.

() () ()

Extracts from the diary of a young woman's first sea trip.

Tuesday- It's wonderful out on the boundless deep. Such sun, and wind and blue sky! And I'm not the least seasick- but oh, so lonesome!

Wednesday- Ate at the officer's table. Such charming men. There is something so attractive about seafaring men.

Thursday- The chief engineer has been so attentive. We walked about the decks till most midnight. Such a viril manly type, I am quite wild about him.

Friday- The chief engineer again walked with me. Gorgeous moon. I went to his cabin for a moment - so spic and span, but so bare!- he made improper advances, and I left in a huff, of course.

Saturday- The chief engineer is really quite desperate. He cornered me up on deck tonight and threatened to blow up the ship if I don't concede to his demands. The purser says there are over 450 women and children alone, on board. My God!

Sunday- Saved the lives of 450 women and children tonight.

See page 25 Φ 3

moonlight Sonata
a virgin stood
On the middle of the wood
~~with nothin~~
On a sheer & scanty rigate
A moonbeam lit
The middle of her tit
Oh! Jesus Christ Almighty!

[Tune: Gull & Left
Behind me]

she jumped into bed
& she covered up her head
and said no one could find her
She knew damn well
she lied like Hell
For I jumped right in behind her.

begin chorus F & J
I'm goin' away
I'm a' goin' to stay
I'm never comin' home
You're gonna miss me honey
In the days to come
When the ^{winter} winds begin to blow
The ground is covered up with snow
You're gonna miss me honey
In the days, days, days to come.

Oh, Lock me up in a dark dark
Show the key away
For Ove killed my lovely Johnny
I don't want to live another day

Raffelbarn }
The old man }

Lulu

my L got arrested
tho was her fine
he said to the Judge
You so a b take it out of this hole of mine
My God he did
Oh my Lulu
Every nite a hulk -
my Lulu that pretty little girl of mine

my L had a baby
It was born upon a rock
She couldn't call it Lulu
Because it had a cock
My God he did

my L had a baby
She called him Sunny Jim
She put him in a perspot
Just to see if he could swim
My God he did

BUGLE CALLS

ASSEMBLY.

finger
There's a soldier in the grass, with a bullet up his ass,
Take it out, take it out, take it out, take it out.

MESS CALL.-

Come and get your porky without any lean,
Come and get your soupy without a single bean.

Try to get all calls -

Oh, the uavalry, the artillery, and the dirty engineers,

They couldn't lick the doughboys in a hundred thousand years.

MARINE SONG.

We're the rugged bucanears,
We have hair behind our ears,
And we wear leather breeches,
We slap our cocks against the rocks -
We're hardy sons of bitches.

We wipe our ass on broken glass,
We do not care for trifles,
We hang our balls upon the walls,
And shoot at them with rifles.

Cunt and cabbage fried in ^{snot} sweat
Two pair of Toot tied in a knot
Little black pot lined with gold
A hump backed nigger with a
white ass hole

Oh the cat couldn't better
And the dog couldn't jump
The - - - - -
And the old man couldn't get his dander up
So he worked all night with the god damned thing
All bound round with a wolven string -

- - - - -
- - - - -

“Mr. President---Mr. President---You low-down son-of-a-bitch! For the last half houah I have been attempting to gain recognition, and eve'y time I catch youah eye you shrink and cringe like a dog with a flea up his ass. + +

+ + Compayah the puny penis of a Peruvian prince with the ponderous bollocks of a Roman Senator; compayah the faint scintillations of the lightning-bug's ass-hole with the glashing effulgence of the noonday sun! + +

[MS on back of previous typescript]

Current Notes
for study

Colours

Variation on Frankie and Johnny

or

Carl Sandburg forgets himself
before the Perth Amboy Woman's
Browning Society

And yet, I loved him with a love
As pure as are the heavens above
When with that yellow Nellie Blye
I caught him ---
Wasn't he my man?
Hadh't I danced and crooned and sung for him,
And walked the streets when my feet ached
And talked to god damned white men
Who saw in me
Phantasmagoria in ebony,
Muscles like knots in trees
Black on white sheets
And shades between---
Chiaroscuro?
But he was my man,
God damn his soul.
For him I saved intricacies of technique,
His only were the niceties, the delights
which to ^{an} ancient Greek
Atoned for philosophic nights
Spent quibbling on the merits of milk and honey,
Respectively
If you please.

F. & J. Variation----2

So, when that yellow Nellie came along, high toned,
High stepper, straight from Albany
Where no poor whites knew her, but Senators
----I let him go.

What else was left?

But ~~and~~ when my curiosity

Directed me to peep

Through the window so high

And there I watched my lovin' man Johnny

With that gal named Nellie Blye---

Too well I loved him

To stand for ~~a~~ such poor workmanship---

I pulled that gun,

I said I'd shoot,

But when that forty-four

Went root-a-tat-toot

---My God, I loved that man!

Reported, from stenographic notes
taken under the inspiration of
Vittoria, a waitress whom Dowson
might have loved, by none other
than Saul Pierre Carson.



L. G. SIZER, MANAGER

THE RALEIGH

EUROPEAN PLAN.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

WASHINGTON, D.C.,

The Jolly Fisherman
There was a ^{Jolly} Fisherman
Upon the Banks of Lynn
Who had a numerous family
Depending upon him.
And while his wife was labouring
In the efforts of creation
He went to see the Doctor
To hold a consultation.

"Oh Mr. dear, Oh Mr. dear
My troubles ne're will cease
My wife is in a family way
My children do increase."
And the Dr. replied to him
"After deep ~~confabulation~~ ^{confabulandum},
the only thing that you can do

So buy yourself a condom".

The fishing that year was bad
The fishermen damn poor
He swore he would ~~as~~ condom have
His safety to secure.

So he caught an eel
Nine inches long + r
And sewed the mouth up tight,
And skinn it der his Roger
And was ready for the fight.

But what was his astonishment
When 9 months came to pass
His wife was taken sick again
With symptoms like the last
And suffering retribution
For his many petty sins
He forgot to sew the eyeholes up
And his wife gave birth to twins.

Anon.

THE OLD SPORT.

The Old Sport sat in his grand stand chair,
With dung on his pants and lice in his hair,
And his voice rang out on the evening air;

"He'll win in a walk, by gosh!"

* → "His record's straight, he can't go slow--
He's out of Black Bess and Hungry Joe--
And of all that field he'll make a show;
He'll win in a walk, by gosh!"

"Just wait till you see them turn him loose,
He'll go through that field like shit through a goose;
Just like an ace a-beating a deuce.
He'll win in a walk, by gosh!"

They came down the stretch and that bastard was third,
He worked up to second, then slipped on a turd
And fell in the ditch. . . And that son of a bitch
Never finished at all, by gosh!

* I ain't got no money, but if I was rich
I'd go dead broke on that son of a bitch
When he gets started he'll make 'em all itch
He'll win in a walk, by Jesus!

Office Hours:
2 to 4 p.m. 7 to 8 p.m.
Wed. by appointment

T. T. MOONEY, M. D.
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ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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J. S. PHILLIPSON
880 W. MAIN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
PHONE: GEN. 172

M. D.

Here goes Old Sal Skinner
How the hell do you know
I see her by her open drawers
And her short strings hanging
low -

There's tassels on my
true love's drawers
Fit for any queen
A pair of black eyes
and a Roman nose
And her ass-hole
pointed down -

SOCRATIC LOVE

The story goes that Socrates
That wise Athenian codger,
Carried concealed beneath his clothes
A rara avis dodger
Wherewith he used, whenas inclined he felt
Particularly nippy,
To ransack holes that did not
Appertain to his Xantippe.

Young Alcibiades, they say,
Was such a pink of fashion,
As to excite old Socrates
Into a flame of passion.
Which spurred him not Xantippe-wards
To coddle and to hug 'er,
But filled him with a violent
And lewd desire to bugger.

Now wit ye well that in these parts
It was not considered nasty
For sage philosophers to turn
Their tools to pederasty.
The sapient Plato, whom they called
In those old times, the Master,
Did know, a tergo, as they say,
A pretty boy, hight Aster;
And old Diogenes, who throve
By raising of the dickens,

Was wont to occupy all bums,

From pupils down to chickens.

Whilst that revered and austere man,

The great and pious Solon,

Did penetrate a Thracian youth

Unto his transverse colon.

In short it was the usual thing

For horny Greeks to diddle

This gummy vent, instead of that

With the ^{which} ladies piddle.

Now Alcibiades was tall

And straight as any arrow;

His buttocks thrilled old Socrates

Unto his very marrow.

No hairs had yet profaned the vale

That cleft those globes asunder-

No hairs to stay the fetid breath

Of borbogmal thunder-

No hair to interrupt the course

Of his diurnal ordure,

And gather from that excrement

A rank dillberric bordure.

His sphincter was as fair a band,

So Socrates protested,

As ever kept one's vituals in,

Or passed them all digested.

Socratic Love, 3

No hemorrhoids had ever marred

Its soft and sensuous beauty,

And on its virgin folds no prick

Had spent its pleasing duty.

Like some sweet bud it nestled there,

While the winds blew gently thru it-

Scenting the breeze old Socrates

More madly longed to do it.

But Alcibiades was wont

To make absurd objection

When Socrates proposed the scheme

Of forming a connection.

The youth conceived the ^{CHILDISH}whim

That buggery was nasty,

And so he kept his virgin bum

Unstained by pederasty.

So he grew from day to day,

And his arse waxed hourly fatter

Till Socrates was nearly dead

To get at that fecal matter.

It so befell that on a day

In sw~~eat~~ty Summer weather,

They walked to the Acropolis

Quite casually together.

And as they walked the youth bent down

To tie his sandal laces-

Socratic Love, 4

They always come unloosed, you know,

At the meanest times and places--

And as he stooped he lifted high

And left without protection

The entire tract of his lower gut,

From the pod to the sigmoid flexion.

For weeks and months old Socrates

Had had a Priapism,

And his ponderous odds- a sight for gods,

Were both surcharged with giza.

Seeing that bum, and this rare chance,

He straightway set to spot 'em,

So he hit 'im a lick with his attic prick,

And occupied Alcy's bottom.

In vain the poor Athenian begged,

Bellowed, pissed and farted,

Full Twenty Minutes 'lapsed before

His friend and he were parted.

And while old Socrates explored

~~Of rugae and of plicae~~
The tantalizing glories
~~And of quivering levatories,~~
Of rugae and of plicae

And of quivering levatories,

The victim of his lust cried out,

"Thus, that I in vain I

Should to this hour have kept intact

My rosey sphincter ani!

Fool that I was to keep it sweet

And clean for this old dodger,

With his three cornered prong

And his greasy balls, to roger!

Why did I not yeald up my charas

To Xenophon's Embraces,

As I've had the chance to do

At divers times and places!

Why not givseup my wealth

Of callipygous treasures

To handsome Ciacn's burning lust,

Or Pious Plato's pleasures!

How would these men have gloried

In my coy and virgin rectum!

With no tho't of vagrant dung,

Or ^{of} cundrous to protect 'em!

But now! Ye Gods! this lecherous goat,

With sardonic skulduggery,

Doth rive my arse in twain with his

Incarnate god of buggery.

And when he pulls that pintle out

With which now he shuts in

The sigh my liver longs to vent,

Thus How shall I keep my guts in!"

Thus railed the youth against his fate,

Which threatened to undo him,

But Soc, all headless of his cries
Right briskly socked it to him.
He packed his sperm so firmly in
That colon soft and callow,
That when ~~Whereafter~~ Alcy pooped,
The poop was mostly tallow.

Accredited to Eugene Field.

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TRACY-PARRY COMPANY
Advertising
Philadelphia New York

This communication from the
New York Office
347 Fifth Avenue

Song
"You Can Easily See"

You Can Easily See she's not my mother
'Cause my mother's forty nine

You Can Easily See she's not my Sister
'Cause she gives me such a wonderful time

You Can Easily See she's not my Sweetheart
'Cause my Sweetie's more refined

She's just a good little kid
Who forgets what she did
And she's a personal friend of mine...

(This is
not so good - but not so bad)

Bill

Here's to the breezes

That blow thrp the treeses

And waft girls' chimeses

Above their pretty kneeses.

Nice things one seeses

And does what one pleases

And gets strange diseases

By Jeesses, by Jeesses.

So he got his knuckles taken off, and they dyed his pecker
yellow,
For being a dirty son of a bitch and dosing his abusers.

So he got his knuckles taken off, and they say his knuckles
yellow,

For being a dirty son of a bitch and losing his balance.

Dave Goodman
look up his residence
in San Antonio, Tex.,
coming from no one
knew where nor
at whose requests
Dave made this
statement:

"I have lived
in this ~~town~~ salubrious
climate for 20 yrs.
I came here for

my health. You
can judge of my
improvement by this:
when I got here I
wasn't strong enough
to bend my dick
with both hands.
Now I can bend
it with 2 fingers."

THE BESSING OF THE BACKHOUSE

When memory keeps me company, and moves to other corners,
A weather-beaten object looms thru the mist of years.
Behind the house and barn it stood, a half a mile or more,
And hurrying feet a path had made, straight to its swinging door.
Its architecture was a type of simple classic art
But in the tragedy of life, it played a tragic part;
And oft a passing traveller drove slow, and heaved a sigh,
To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy,

We had our posay garden that the women loved so well;
I loved it too, but better still, I loved the stronger smell
That filled the evening breezes so full of homely cheer
And told the night O'ertaken tramp that human life was near.
On lazy August afternoons it made a little bower
Delightful, where my grandsire sat, and while'd away an hour.
For there the summer mornings its very cares entwined
And berry bushes reddened in the streaming soil behind.

And fat day spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies
That flitted to and from the house where Ma was baking pies.
And once a swarm of hornets bold, had built a palace there
And stung my unsuspecting aunt, I must not tell you where;
Then father took a flaming pole - that was a happy day -
He nearly burned the building up, but the hornets left to stay.
When summer bloom began to fade and winter to carouse
He banked the little building with a heap of hemlock boughs.

But when the crust was on the snow, and the sullen skies were gray,
In sooth the building was no place where one would wish to stay.
We did our duties promptly, there one purpose swayed the mind;
We tarried not, nor lingered long on what one left behind.
The torture of that icy seat would make a Tartan sash
For needs must scrape the goose flesh with a lacerating comb.
That from a frost-enrusted nail was suspended from a string
My father was a frugal soul, and wasted not a thing.

When grandpa had to go "out back" and make his morning call
We'd bundle up the dear old man with a muffler and a shawl;
I knew the hole on which he sat, 'twas padded all around;
And once I tried to sit there, 'twas all too wide I found.
My loins were all too little and I Jack-knifed there to stay
They had to come and get me out, or I'd have passed away.
Then father said ambition was a thing that was to go
And I must use the children's hole 'till childhood's days were done.
But still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes so true
The baby hole, and the slender hole that fitted sister Sue;
That dear old country land mark; I have tropped around a bit
And in the lap of luxury, my lot has been to sit;
But ere I die, I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed of years
Then seek the shanty where my name is carbed upon the door.
I ween the old familiar smell will sooth my jaded soul,
I'm now a man, but none the less I'll try the children's hole.

A Woman's Pleasure

Perhaps I can tell you of a streak of good luck
that happened to me on my maiden fuck.
I was out at Dick Jones in a strawberry patch.
He offered me a quarter to feel of my snatch.

Says I "your quarter I don't want to steal it,
But as for my snatch you may step up and feel it."

He stepped up to me, put his arms round my waist.
We both drew our breath in mighty great haste.

I sank on my knees in the pretty green grass.
And soon felt his fingers tickling my ass.

Then, oh I did hate it - for I knew they would smell
And then he would wish he had stuck them in hell.

When his fingers got slippery, he took them
away -

And began with his old too ole wacker to play.

It was as big as a large ear of corn
The biggest I've seen since the day I was born.

But my snatch felt as tho it could swallow
a hog.

Or chew a man's roller as big as a log.

He hauled up his back and at me again
And tho' it did hurt, I did not complain.

For I was determined that blood should be spilt
And it should go in way up to the belt
Yes in it did do - its hair and its root
And I wanted his bullets to go in to boot
For ever since the day of my birth
Did I think such feelings existed on earth
You will kill me with pleasure, but let me die
For I feel tho' my soul from my body would fly
Then presently I thought he had poured out his soul
For it felt ~~as~~ tho' a tide in my belly did roll.
Then out came his dodges all lumber and greatly
And had the appearance of being more easy.
Then I was afraid he would never raise from the dead
I took my fingers and tickled the head.
Signs of life then appeared and growing began
And I looked forward then for a little more fun.
Soon now it got to its former large size
And I wished ~~the~~ could make it reach up to my eyes.
For heavens - what feelings around me did fly
So gloriously good - I thought I would shit
But how could I shit while there on the ground
With my cunt all stretched out 'till no
ass could be found.

Oh Agnes, dear Agnes

'Twas a name
known to ~~fame~~^{shame}

in days of yore

Had she ever been virtuous

She'd never been a goddam whore

Oh Ambush etc

The boy stood on the railroad track,
The train approaching fast —
The boy stepped off the railroad track
And let the train go fast.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
His a — toward the mast,
And vowed he wouldn't budge an inch
Till Oscar Wilde had passed.

Three Jews from Jericho.

There were three Jews from Jericho,
There were three Jews from Jericho,
Jeri-cho, cho, cho,
Jeri-cho, cho, cho,
There were three Jews from Jericho;

They all fell over the precipice;
They all fell over the precipice;
Preci-prec, -
Preci-prec, -
They all fell over the precipice.

And now my story I'll finish it;
And now my story I'll finish it;
Finish it, -
Finish it, -
And now my story I'll finish it.

(many other verses.)

you're in the Army now,
you're not behind the flow;
you can't get rich,
you son of a b -
you're in the Army now is

time - chorus of Battle Hymn of the Republic.

All we do is sign the payroll,
All we do is sign the payroll,
All we do is sign the payroll,
And we never get a G-d-cent.

There is a young lady in Maine
whose face is exceedingly plain
But her count has a power
That makes the boys prefer
again & again & again

The poor benighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kin do;
He sticks to his task
From first to last,
And for panto he makes his skin do.

My Eileen.

My Eileen is the village queen,
She can play the accor-deen;
Everybody in the street
Gets a tickle in the feet,
When my Eileen
Plays the accor-deen.

[When I Was Single]

(Chorus)

When I was a young single,
I made the money jingle,
And I wish I was single again.

My wife took the fever,
And I hope it don't leave her,
For I want to be single again.

My wife, she died,
And I laughed till I cried,
For now I am single again.

I married another,
The Devil's grandmother,
And I wish I was single again.

(many other verses.)

Mary had a little lamb;

It had a way of buttin' ;

It got so awful bad at last

They sold that sheep for mutton.

They say that Mary had a lamb -

I don't believe she did;

For how could Mary have a lamb,

When she was but a kid?

There was a little man,
And he had a little can,
And he went to rush the growler;
He went to a saloon
On a Sunday afternoon,
And you ought to hear the old man
holler:

(Chorus—)

No booze today, no booze today;
You can't buy booze on Sunday;
No booze today, no booze today,
You'll have to come around on
Monday.

Paul, the playful cabin boy,

Mischievous little nipper,

Filled his arse-hole full of glass

And circumcised the skipper.

M

"It's a hell of a life," said the Queen of Spain,
"Five minutes of pleasure, + nine months of pain"

—
Five minutes of pleasure, nine months of pain,
Two weeks of rest, and at it again."

THE MARK OF A MAN-CHILD.

or

A gentle nun, who had never strayed
From the convent walls since, a toddling maid
Of three bright summers, they brought her there,
Had grown to womanhood, pure and fair;
She could use her needle with dainty skill,
And to charm the hours that were long and still,
She had learned with patient care to paint,
And the pictured face of some good old saint,
Gleamed oft from the canvas 'neath her hand.

But, weary of these, one day she planned
A picture fairer than all beside,
That should be her masterpiece and pride -
She would paint the Virgin Mother mild,
In her arms upbearing the Holy Child.

So for many a day she toiled and wrought,
Inspired by sweet and holy thought,
Until the picture was all complete,
From the haloed head to the sandaled feet.
Then the patient artist said, "I will go,
To the Mother Abbess that she may bestow,
Some word of praise and her blessing sweet,
On my picture fair that is all complete,
From the haloed head to the sandaled feet."

She did not know that the wee sweet face
Held close in the mother's fond embrace,
No charm of baby or childhood wore -
'Twas a little woman and nothing more.
But the Mother Abbess, seeing, smiled,
And said in the gentlest voice, "My child,
The Holy Babe was a Man-child born,
Ruddy and fresh as a waking morn."

"But could they guess when so young and fair,
That a sometime man was nestling there?"
"Aye, daughter, the first faint breath before,
And the mark still lingers when life is o'er."
"But tell me, mother, that I may know,
What spot or dimple of rosy glow,
What curve of muscle or sweep of limb
When given to the man-child, marketh him?"

"Nay, child, pray Heaven though mayest never know,
What spot or dimple or rosy glow,
Or wondrous shape ere he draws a breath,
Marketh the man-child for life or death."

(continued)

THE MARK OF A MAN-CHILD. (continued.)

The abbess went in her holy way,
And the novice knelt down in her niche to pray;
But ever one thought disturbed her prayer -
The mark of the man-child was not there.

As she walked alone in some cloistered ground,
Her heart all at once gave a sudden bound,
For there was the gardener, strong and young,
And as light of heart as brisk of tongue.
She would ask if on brow or breast or limb
The mark of the man-child showed on him.
"Come up to my room," she said, "come quick!"
And, tossing aside his shovel and pick,
Toward her virgin shrine his feet he set,
Where the picture leaned on the easel yet.

"Is it fair," she asked and he answered low,
"'Tis a purty picture, as well ye know,
But 'tis not the Virgin Mother's joy,
For, bless your sweet face, her babe was a boy."
"How know you?" "Why every spalpeen knows that,"
With a puzzled look said the laughing Pat.
"Then tell me and show me," she said, "or I'll say
That to my room you have forced your way,
And I'll make you lose your place today."

'Twixt fright or frolic, or fear and pain,
With an Irishman's blood afire in his vein,
And a pretty girl asking a thing like that -
"Now what is a fellow to do?" said Pat.
One moment he paused, then aside he threw
His leathern belt and his blouse of blue,
And the mark of the man-child was brought to view.

She opened wide her brown, bright eyes,
And gazed with wonder and sweet surprise,
On the mystical, magical, long-sought prize,
The round soft roll, as it lay at rest,
On two pink lobes, close together pressed,
Like a baby's face 'tween its mother's breasts.
And, as with her white hand quivering,
She touched the magical, mystical thing,
She felt it between her fingers stir,
It seemed to rise up and nod at her.

With a thrill that crept from her heart to her lips,
And crimsoned her brow and finger tips,
That quickened her pulses and throbbed in her heart,
And set all her senses astray and astart.
She closed her eyes and she knew no more,
She had seen the mark that the man-child wore.

THE MARK OF A MAN-CHILD. (continued)

Long years went by, the novice strayed
From her cloistered nook in the convent shade,
And the fair-haired daughters and brave-browed sons,
Told how well her work in the world was done.
But the abbess found in the dim old room,
A picture shrouded in dust and gloom;
She drew it out to the light of day -
How well she remembered its colors gay,
The sweet-faced Virgin, the baby fair -
But the mark of the man-child was added there.
One look of horror the abbess gave,
Then a laugh rippled over her face like a wave,
And, raising both hands above her head,
"Mon Dieu! It's Patrick's!" was all she said.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

"This is a good one on me" said the choir leader, as the minister mounted her.

"This is a pretty hard proposition" said the flapper, sitting on her sheik.

"Something funny is going on here" said the whore, as the man put on a green french tickler.

"Here is where the fun comes in" said the bride, indicating her vagina.

"Fare enough" said the conductor, crawling out of the whore's berth after the third piece of tail.

"The game is worth the candle" said the old maid, and bought a dozen.

"There is buggery aboard" said the cabin-boy, as he tasted shit on the first mate's prick.

"This is running into money" said the monkey, as he pissed in the cash register.

"There goes another piece of tail" said the monkey, as he got too near the buzz-saw.

"That was no idle dream", said the chamber-maid, as she stood the pajamas in the corner.

"There's some-thing in that" said the burglar, as he stuck his hand in the piss-pot under the bed.

"There's something in that" said the king, as he tapped the belly of his pregnant daughter.

"A little goes a long way" said the hummingbird, as he shit from the limb of the tree overhanging the precipice.

"That remains to be seen," said the monkey as he shit in the sugarbowl and slyly covered it up.

"That can be looked at from both sides", said the fly as he shit on the window-pane.

"They're off!" said the monkey as he backed into the lawnmower.

"Come as often as you can" said the chorus-girl to her bald-headed boy friend.

"It's all right as far as it goes," said the wife to her short-peckered husband.

"All that glitters is not gold" said the elephant as he pissed in the moonlight.

"Nothing stirring there" said the professor as he stuck a finger up the mummy's ass.

"I put my foot in it that time" said the burglar as he stepped in the piss pot under the bed.

"We'll have to take the matter up" said the Board of Health as they followed the elephant up the street.

"That's a great drawback" said the elephant, as he skinned his prick.

"You can't shit me, big boy" said Jonah, hanging on the whale's entrails.

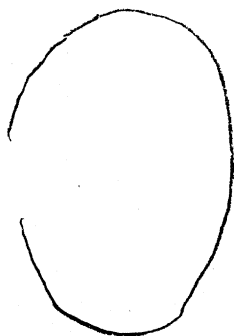
"Business is picking up" said the street cleaner

Little Miss Brown.

met?

Little Miss Brown was a city miss.
She knew a thing or two,
She met an old guy,
Who liked her pie,
But much too old to screw.
One night she allowed him to
kiss it up.
He liked its taste so well,
That he bought a little home,
Where he eats it all alone
And now you can hear her yell!

While the muff tastes good to father,
I'm going to have a ~~good~~ home,
When he sticks his face in the
old pea plan,
I need never roam,
As long as my daddy likes my prob,
I won't eat in an automat
(As long as my daddy likes his
finanbaddy
I'm going to have a good home,
alternately - If it tasted any sweeter, he would
raffle off his peeter.
I'm going to have a good home.



R

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